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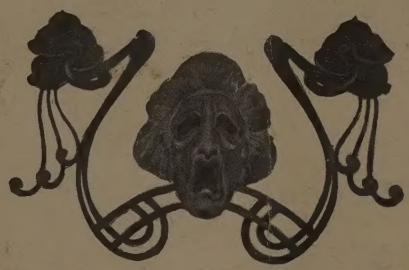

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NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

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JULY 1925

Contributors: Gilbert Seldes, Walter Prichard Eaton, J. T. Grein, Frank Vreeland, Basil Lawrence, Stanley Rauh, Wynn

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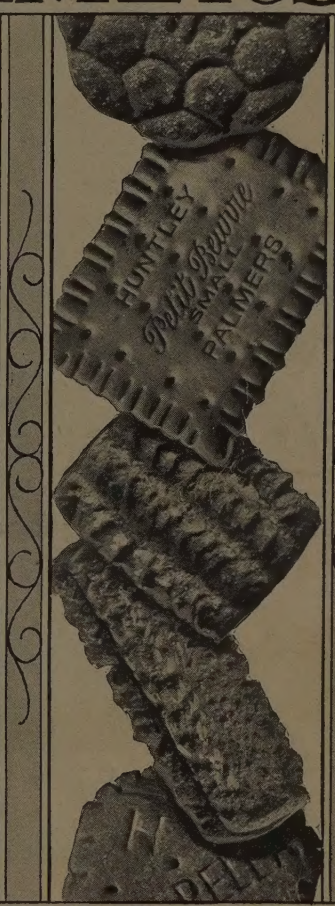

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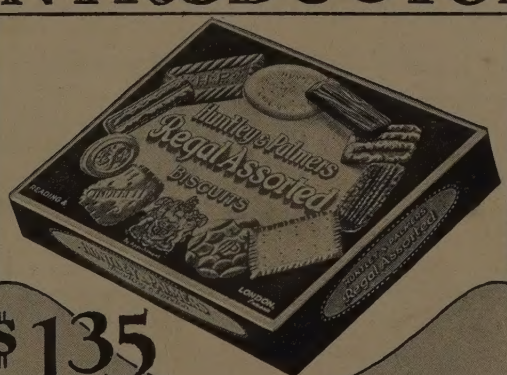

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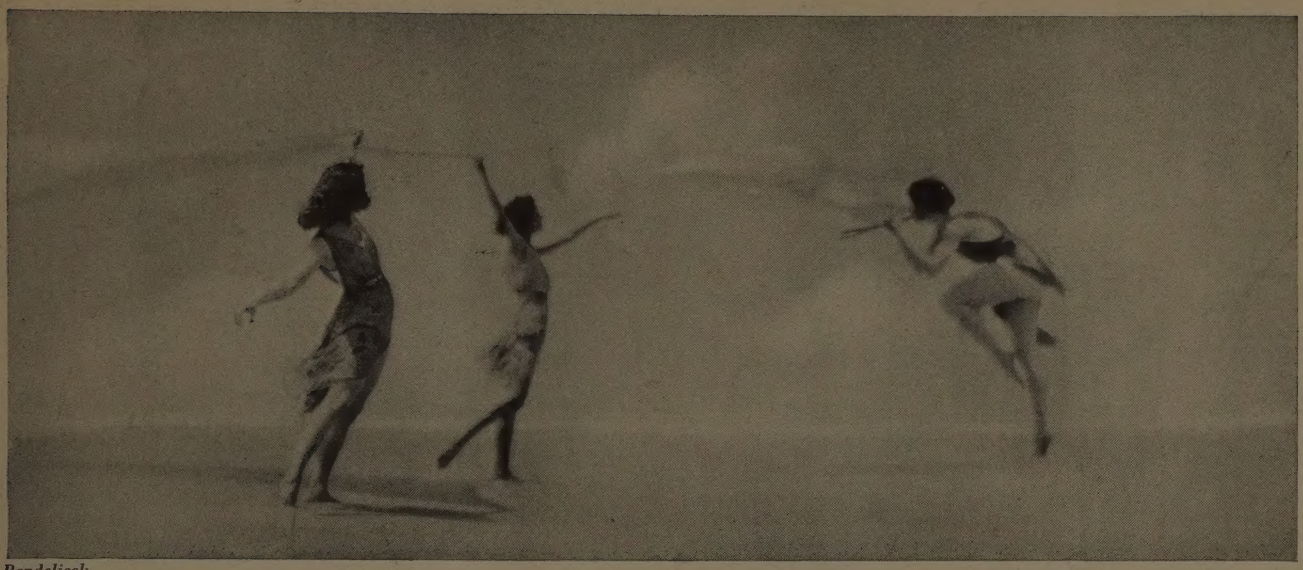

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLII. No. 292 JULY, 1925

Photo White

Lola Fisher as Lydia Languish and Kenneth Thomson as Captain Jack Absolute in "The Rivals"

Strauss-Peyton

FRANCES STARR

Will probably come back to Broadway next season, but in the meantime her dramatic light shines like a good deed in a naughty vaudeville world because David Belasco has been unable to find a suitable play for her since "Shore Leave"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor-in-Chief*

LAWRENCE LANGNER, *Contributing Editor*

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

The Pulitzer Prize Play Award

THERE was a time when to be the recipient of the Pulitzer Prize was considered a high and enviable honor. But lately much of the prestige of the distinction—at least as far as the play awards are concerned—has been somewhat dimmed by what many consider the total lack of judgment shown in conferring the prize. Recent decisions, in the opinion of disinterested observers, have weakened its authority and importance.

This year *They Knew What They Wanted* was selected as the play of the season most worthy of the prize. After analyzing the clause of the foundation which specifically directs the judges how to go about bestowing the annual honor, it is impossible not to challenge the perspicacity of those intrusted with the judicial task. The founder's instructions were plain. Mr. Pulitzer ordered that the prize should go to *"that original American play presented in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standards of good morals, good taste and good manners."* Certainly these instructions are lucid enough. There can be no doubt as to what Mr. Pulitzer had in mind when he created the Pulitzer Prize foundation. While *They Knew What They Wanted* is generally conceded to be an interesting, well-written play, its other qualifications for the prize must be questioned. Certainly this play about an old Italian wine-maker and wine-bibber, whose picture bride consummates her marriage on her wedding night, not with her husband but with a young roustabout, while her husband lays seriously ill, is hardly the type of drama destined to "raise the standards of good morals, good taste and good manners." If anything, it has a tendency to accomplish the direct opposite.

While the integrity and good faith of the judges intrusted with conferring the award cannot be questioned, their sagacity in this one instance may safely be challenged. Those playwrights who receive the prize in future are likely to consider it a hollow honor in view of the criticism the awards have provoked. It would be far better to go one's way unhonored and unsung than to receive a distinction that is really meaningless. The conscience of the recipients of some recent Pulitzer Prize awards must trouble them when they concentrate on the significance of the donor's instructions. Who knows, perhaps one day one of them will refuse the award on the ground that it has been unjustly bestowed.

Then we shall know that the millennium is at hand.

The Critic and the Player

A WELL-KNOWN star declined to attend the recent dinner given to this magazine by the leading members of the theatrical profession on the astonishing pretext that our critic had commented unfavorably on his acting. He did not say that the comments were unfair or without justification. He simply resented being found fault with at all by a publication he had previously thought "friendly" and so—no dinner.

Some players—otherwise intelligent—labor under the strange delusion that critics are press-agents. They expect reviewers—especially if they happen to be personally acquainted with them—to write nothing but complimentary notices about their performances, and they are bitterly resentful when the commentator, trying conscientiously to perform a duty to his readers, writes the truth.

This, of course, is largely the fault of some of our sophomoric critics, who, flattered at the attention given them by players and managers they have puffed, cultivate personal relations with members of the profession, allowing themselves to be dined and wined. The wise critic keeps aloof from any such entangling alliances and can thus better maintain his independence.

Seldom is the ink dry on the criticism of a poor play, a poor actor or a poor act, before one of these indignant actors, authors or managers arises in protest. He protests by letter, by telephone and in person. He complains to the critic, to the editor, and even to the publisher of the particular publication in which the criticism appeared. He never stops to think that it is the function of the press-agent to praise, of the critic to criticize. He does not know, and in many cases does not care, that a critic is supposed to serve the public, not the actor. His job and the future of the publication he represents would soon be in jeopardy if he wrote nothing but praise for everything he viewed inside a theatre. The public depends on the critic to guide it in its entertainment. It expects to be told the exact truth.

The disgruntled producers, actors and publicity directors could employ their time to better advantage if they turned criticism to their own good account instead of naïvely asking Santa Claus to be good to them when they've been bad. Let them do better work as actors, provide better plays as producers and spread more effectively their own sugar as publicity promoters. That's their job. The critics will attend to theirs.

Another Promising Art Theatre

IN the season just closed the independent theatrical movements have played an important and effective part. The Commercial manager no longer scoffs at the Art Theatre groups as he once did. He has begun to find them dangerous competitors, clever in picking successful plays, and presenting and acting them in a superior manner. The youngest of these art groups, known as The Stagers and now established at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, gave promise of discernment and capacity in their opening bill. With their second production, a revival of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, they have made an even better impression. The company is under the direction of Edward Goodman whose original connection with the Washington Square Players—a number of names associated with that movement are now joined with him—gives distinct promise that The Stagers, as a unit of theatrical uplift, may be seriously considered. Perhaps its greatest asset is that the organization has at its disposal a particularly intelligent and tried number of players—the nucleus of what, it is promised, will eventually become a permanent stock company. Good luck to The Stagers!

Nakumura Ganjiro is known as the greatest stage lover in Japan. Compared with Forbes Robertson in his acting, restraint and dignity of style, his keen intellect, splendid bodily vigor and the skill and grace with which he wears and manipulates the intricate costume of a Japanese warrior is a delight to the unconversant Westerner. When the Imperial Theatre was built in Tokyo, Ganjiro was chosen to open it, playing Oishi Yuranosuke in *The Chushingura*. This is the great lyric drama of the outward expression of the Bushido spirit founded on the most famous vendetta in Japanese history, the revenge of the Ako retainers or the forty-seven *ronin*

GANJIRO, AS OISHI IN "THE CHUSHINGURA"

From the statue by the American sculptor, Allan Clark

Producers and Playwrights of 1924-25

Experimenters Add Financial Injury to Artistic Insult in a Strange Season

By GILBERT SELDES

IF the theatrical year just ended turns out to be one of the notable seasons, it will probably be for one reason alone: that a large proportion of the successes of the year were plays written or produced, or both, by hands fairly fresh at their work, and that these plays, these great financial successes, were at the same time the plays which evoked the most serious critical approval. In a word—a word offensive to some people—the intellectuals (or highbrows or artists) have seriously invaded the *terrain* of their enemy (the purely commercial manager) and won a fairly decisive battle. The *terrain* would be described in the dispatches as "Somewhere on Broadway" or "Box-Office H. Q., U. S. A."

There are some interesting deductions to be made, apart from the deductions in the incomes of the hard-boiled managers who still believe in show business and not in the art of the theatre. But first examine the actual facts. In the *Herald Tribune* list of plays produced this season you will find that twenty-six regular productions of non-musicals survived beyond April 1. Thirteen others ran over one hundred performances and may be counted as not entire failures. But the twenty-six are the real successes of the year, and of these more than one-third are the work of modern, semi-radical, not quite commercially sound men and women. Furthermore, of the ten best money-makers, four are outsiders: Mr. Arthur Hopkins' *What Price Glory*; the Guild's two successes, *The Guardsman* and *They Knew What They Wanted*; and *The Firebrand,* produced by the now dispersed but still separately functioning trilogy of Liveright, Mandel and Schwab. All of these plays are at large theatres, with a high "top" price for seats, and consistently during the season turned in a gross between seventeen and twenty thousand dollars a week, with the war play long leading all. Is it any wonder that the good, substantial old producers, with their general average of success and failure, are tossing on their beds and shyly biting their finger-nails?

THE plays of the new men, in addition to the four above, are: *Desire Under the Elms* (Provincetown Players, under the direction of Macgowan, O'Neill and Jones), *Candida* and *The Wild Duck* (Actors' Theatre), *Old English* (Winthrop Ames), *Mrs. Partridge Presents*—(Guthrie McClintic); to them you should add, as the playwrights are newcomers, *Is Zat So?* and *The Fall Guy, The Dunce Boy,* and, although it did not survive, the phenomenal run of *Processional*—104 performances to 104 agitated audiences at 104 (or at least four) different theatres. On the whole it is a respectable showing.

I suppose that the difference between managers is that some will produce a play they like even if they are not *sure* of a financial return and others will produce a play they despise if they *are* sure. Mr. Hopkins, in my opinion, has produced some second-rate work, but I know *he* did not think it was second-rate; and on the other side I cannot believe that the Shuberts considered *The Virgin of Bethulia* a great play or Mr. Brady *A Good Bad Woman.* It happens that this year the producers who cared most for their plays did the best work and, sometimes to their surprise, reaped the great rewards.

THE first—wrong—deduction is that the intellectuals are better pickers. Wrong because the storehouses are filled with the wreckage of intellectual productions. Wrong also for another reason not so easy to state. I have suggested that this year is the triumph of the art theatre over show business; but it might just as logically be considered the secret, and far more insidious, triumph of commercialism over art. Look more closely at these plays and productions; separate out the elements which are really novel and those which are open or concealed imitations of the old theatrical tricks. Think of these things without the usual prejudice that the new and "artistic" is naturally superior to the commercial. I have myself so violent a prepossession for show business that whenever an artistic experiment succeeds I find myself looking for its underlying hokum as well as for its technical mastery—both associated more with A. H. Woods and David Belasco than with Robert Edmond Jones and Philip Moeller; and whenever an experiment fails, I am prone to think that a little charlatanism and a little mastery of the medium might have just saved the day. Avery Hopwood's plays may be insignificant, but they are deft; and in the theatre no amount of genius will do unless there is also a touch of talent.

With this in mind, and speaking without prejudice, you discover that *Old English* is from the hand of an old experienced playwright, an intelligent and expert employer of sound theatrical methods, John Galsworthy, and that another element in its success is the presence of the not radical Mr. George Arliss. *The Guardsman* is the work of a master of the old theatre, a trickster of the highest order of intelligence, and incidentally, not at all a new quantity on the American stage, Ferenc Molnar; *Mrs. Partridge Presents*— is a good light comedy, with nothing in it offensive to the theatrical taste of a generation ago; *The Firebrand* is fresh, not as theatrical experiment, but as an attitude toward history —that is, it is as fresh as Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra.* The three revivals need not concern us especially, although two of them were the high spots in the way of production this year. That leaves *Desire, They Knew What They Wanted* and *What Price Glory.* The first and last were helped, in different degrees, by scandal; the other was helped by the presence of two excellent players with considerable experience in the older theatre. I say this not to detract from their excellence, but to indicate that not all the elements of their success are fresh, and that the old theatre has been skilfully adapted to the uses of the new. All of these plays had literary quality. As a whole the highest claims were justified by *What Price Glory.* It seems to me to be one of the plays which would have won success without any scandal whatsoever. *What Price Glory* may have been helped through the dangerous age (the first six weeks) by its very minor scandal. *Desire Under the Elms* had exactly the opposite experience, because it was after it had come to nearly the end of its possible enthusiasts that the most displeasing and silly scandal of the year gave it a strange new life. New in more senses than one, because everyone who saw it after the "dirty-play" label was attached to it reports that the audiences were unspeakable in their reactions to a play which at moments passes beyond good and evil (in spite of Mr. John Farrar's remark that it is "obviously cleanly," which would put it in the class with most prophylactics).

I suggest that we do not too fanatically hail the victory of the artistic theatre, because in a large measure that victory has been gained by using the methods of the older theatre. Except for *Processional,* no Guild production this year, considered as production, as the art of staging, directing and investing a play with color, was at all extraordinary. The Provincetown Players, much more definitely artistic, in the sense of non-commercial, did a good production of *Patience,* variously good and not good productions of O'Neill, and one lovely thing, *Love for Love.* My private prize for direction goes to the Actors' Theatre, for whom Dudley Digges and Claire Eames did *The Wild Duck* with intelligence, spirit and artistic righteousness. There was at least one good scene directed by Robert Milton in each of his three productions, but nothing of superior quality as a whole. *The Wild Duck* alone came up to the level of the Gilbert Miller-David Burton *Swan* and the Ames *Beggar on Horseback* of the season before.

NOR was there anything of the very highest order in the acting shown by the new producers. Miss Cornell in *Candida,* of course; but Miss Cornell is one of the most competently experienced of our actresses in the way of the stock company and the straight commercial theatre. I did not see her under Belasco, but it was obvious when she returned to artistic respectability that she had learned nothing of con-

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Houp La!—Nowadays

An Old-Fashioned Father Takes His Modern Daughter to the Circus

By BASIL LAWRENCE

FATHER had a perfectly wonderful time yesterday. He took sister and me to the Circus at Madison Square Garden. Sister is only five and is still amused by things she doesn't understand. But I'm eleven, and I've been educated at one of the most modern schools in the country, so I always look for the inner reality of things, as it were. I must admit I didn't want to go to the Circus. I didn't because I knew that the Circus was mostly intended for the amusement of us children, and must therefore be all nonsense; just as Father Christmas turned out to be a myth, and the fairies merely folk-lore, so I knew that the Circus would probably prove to be just another hoax of the same kind which parents insist upon perpetrating on their children. I was not far wrong.

I knew what I was in for the minute I heard Father say, "Now I'm going to take the day off and take you kiddies up to the Circus." Of course, he *would* choose the afternoon when we have our Personal Hygiene Class, in which we learn so many interesting things about nature and life—but I had to give it up, in spite of the fact that Mother argued with him all through breakfast about interfering with my classes. But Father got his own way by saying, "Now didn't *you* love to go to the Circus when you were young?" and Mother's such a sickly sentimentalist, she gave in without a murmur.

Father spent the whole morning telling us stories about the things he did when he was a boy, especially when he went out West and met some tame Indians, but as I'd heard them all before, it didn't interest me the least bit. We started lunch, and just as we reached the ice-cream, which was really delicious, Father looked at his watch, gasped that we'd miss the train, and rushed us both off before we had time for a second helping. I set my teeth, put on a dark coat which wouldn't dirty on the Circus seats, and we all shot off in the car.

ALL the way in on the train, Father kept gurgling about clowns, elephants and freaks, as though they were the most wonderful things on earth, and sister kept drinking it all in, just the way she did when they fooled her about Father Xmas and the Easter Rabbit. As we got into the taxi at the Grand Central, to drive to Madison Square Garden, I saw that Father's eyes were fairly dancing with excitement.

"Down to the Circus as fast as you can!" he shouted to the taxi-driver. "We'll be late for the Grand March."

He kept looking at his watch every other minute, as the taxi swept through the traffic down the avenue, until at last we arrived at the entrance to the Circus. We got out of the cab, and Father, in his excitement, forgot to tip the driver, who said some rude things in a most amusing way, and provided the first moment of real entertainment. Father looked quite ashamed, borrowed my last week's quarter which I had been saving up towards buying a first edition of the *Child's Book of Knowledge,* and gave it as a tip to the driver, who was so astonished that he forgot to look pleased.

THEN we walked down a long hall crowded with people and with a most funny smell. Sister and I wondered what it was, and we saw a sign which said, "This place scented with Romana Perfume." This disappointed us very much; we thought it was the elephants. It didn't upset Father, however; he positively waltzed into his seat, breathing in the atmosphere and shouting, "Ah, the Smell of the Sawdust! Oh, Boy!"

A band began playing; a large number of elephants came out and paraded around, carrying rather silly-looking palanquins like ones which I had seen so often in the Movies that I knew they were just make-believe. There were also a lot of women wearing tinselly sort of dresses, rather gaudy and in poor taste, I thought. I watched the Parade for a few minutes, and then turned round to ask Father the origin of this tradition, which seemed to have utterly lost its symbolic meaning.

I was shocked. Father was sitting on the edge of his chair, positively transfixed with excitement, and sister was behaving with an equal lack of poise.

"Oh, Boy! Just look at those elephants!" said Dad.

"And that clown on stilts!" said sister.

"And that wonderful lady on horseback!" said Father. "She's what they call an Equestrienne."

I gave him a scornful stare. Had he met her on a country road, dressed in a riding habit instead of in short skirts, he wouldn't have turned his head for her; yet because she was at the Circus, Dad was actually gazing at her as though she were a creature from another world, instead of a rather old-maidish person with rouge instead of a complexion, and put on so thick it was almost enough to knock the rough riders off their horses; but Dad was under the spell of the Circus, and from the way he looked at her, you got his idea of what a siren must really look like! How queer parents are!

The Freaks came at the end of the Parade. They were obviously extreme cases of elephantiasis and thyroid idiots, which we learn all about at school; and while it was an interesting biological exhibition, I could see no reason for Father to laugh his head off at them; and sister, knowing no better, followed suit, and vowed she'd just love to be a fat woman! Still, I don't blame her. After all, she's only a kid. But Father!

I liked the performing elephants and bears. They were so big and docile, and they did everything for lumps of sugar. This made me remark to Father the value of training children by rewards, instead of by punishment, but Father merely snooted and said that all the animals were beaten terribly if they didn't do their tricks properly. As you will see by the time you finish reading this, Father's ideas on such subjects are hopelessly old-fashioned. He always quotes King Solomon's saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child"; but I say, King Solomon was a most immoral man, with so many wives, to say nothing of those women whose Biblical name is going to be explained to me when I am twelve years old; but that's a story in itself.

Well, to get back to the Circus; there was an old gentleman in the middle ring, carrying a long whip, who shouted out something every so often which nobody could hear, but he didn't mind a bit and seemed quite satisfied. Dad said he was the ringmaster, or ringleader, or something of that sort. Every now and again I heard him say one phrase, "Greatest in the world," but as nobody knew what he was referring to, nobody contradicted him. Every so often a horrid little boy would stand in front of me and shout, "Peanuts!" Father encouraged him by buying four bags and little sister kept on eating them until she began to feel sick.

THEN a little lady came out whose name was Lillian Leitzel. Father became very excited and said she was the most wonderful rope-artist in the world; when she appeared, he stood upon his seat and waved his hat in the air. I noticed a lot of other old gentlemen forgetting themselves in the same way. She climbed up a rope, and without any explanation except the inaudible shouts of the old gentleman with the long whip, she began the most peculiar movements you can possibly imagine. She kept turning her body over her head, while she held onto the rope; she must have done this at least fifty times. I counted up to forty, when I turned round and saw Father; his face was as red as a poppy; the veins in his forehead were standing out in knots, his fists were clenched and his breath came and went in spasmodic gasps! As she finished, he fairly let go. "Bravo!" he shouted. "Wonderful! Marvelous! What a woman!" And he applauded like a rifle fusillade, and so did the other gentlemen all around us. I tried to make out what it was all about. She was very high up in the air; perhaps they thought she'd fall and were so happy because she had come through safely. "What a woman!" Dad shouted. I shuddered. What would he have said if Mother had done it? Only last week he talked her head off for an hour for jumping on the train as it started out of the station.

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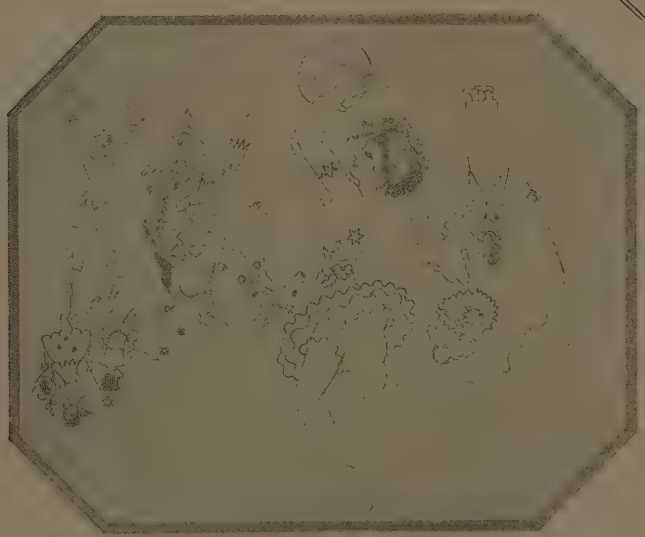
ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR!

Pamela Bianco imagines that the clowns and bareback riders have an enchanting time together "after the show." We are quite sure this circus scene must have taken place outside the ring



"When I grow up, I'm going to be in a circus!" And what wouldn't we give to be able to join Pamela's delightful troupe!

The tight-rope dancer, the balancing clowns and the trapeze artists defy the law of gravity to the delight of the child artist

PAMELA BIANCO GOES TO THE CIRCUS

Pamela Bianco, the world-famous young artist, whose exhibition at Knoedler's last season was one of the outstanding successes in the world of Art, gives THEATRE MAGAZINE *readers her impressions of the Circus. Her line drawings show a delicate, childlike naïveté, combined with an adult sophistication and sureness of touch*

Mural frieze in the Guild Theatre, painted by Victor White, depicting scenes from Guild productions. From left to right *The Faithful,* *Bonds of Interest,* with Helen Westley and Edna St. Vincent Millay; *Saint Joan,* with Winifred Lenihan; *Peer Gynt,* with Joseph Schildkraut and Louise Closser Hale

The Significance of the Theatre Guild

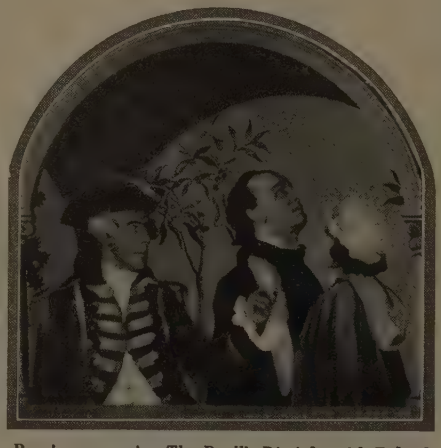
Started in an Amateur Spirit, the Guilders To-day Are the Acknowledged Leaders of Our Stage

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

TEN years ago I wrote these words: "More and more people are beginning to realize . . . that the future development of the American theatre must come through a renaissance in the practical theatre itself of the amateur spirit, brought into the theatre by amateurs who, with proper and intelligent leadership, will remain to become self-respecting professional artists, or else by the existing professionals themselves breaking away from the present chains of exploitation. Because the Washington Square Players have demonstrated the entire possibility of such a renaissance . . . their success is the most important thing just now in the American theatre."

One decade after writing that paragraph, I have in the past winter seen the Actors' Theatre make two of the best revivals of recent years, I have seen the Provincetown Players, also composed of theatre artists who have freed themselves from exploitation, delight the town with novel and stimulating experiments, and I have seen the Theatre Guild, which is the direct outgrowth and professional successor of the amateur Washington Square Players, not only make four of the best productions of the season (one of them, *They Knew What They Wanted,* being the play which won the Pulitzer prize), but also, in April, open the doors of a new playhouse, the beautiful Guild Theatre, largely financed by the public of New York, supported by 14,000 loyal season subscribers, and dedicated to the most consistently high standard of play selection and production of any theatre in America. In the month of April, 1925, there were eight plays on the "Sign Post" list of the New York Drama League, meaning plays and productions deemed of conspicuous merit. One was *The Show-Off,* left over from the previous season. Of the seven plays mounted in the current season, all but one were sponsored either by the Theatre Guild, the Actors' Theatre or the Provincetown group. The Guild led with three. The one posted play put on by a so-called "commercial" manager was *What Price Glory,* and the manager was Arthur Hopkins, who is himself, of course, an artist.

If one decade of the amateur spirit, or the true professional spirit released from speculative bondage, can produce such results, it is more than ever apparent that those of us who used to go over to the little Bandbox Theatre ten years ago and boost the Washington Square Players, were obeying a sound instinct. When I think how David Belasco, for instance, publicly laughed at the Washington Players' efforts and our enthusiasm for them, and then consider the sad artistic fate of Belasco in this year of grace, while the Washington Square Players, now the Theatre Guild, enter the portals of their new playhouse the acknowledged leaders of our stage, I confess that I am thrilled—thrilled because the ultimate triumph of artistic sincerity, of a forward vision, of art not for profit but for its own sake, is so completely vindicated. The Theatre Guild unquestionably was the inspiration of the Actors' Theatre, and it was the inspiration of the present Provincetown Players. The success of the Guild workers, beginning eleven years ago as amateurs or quasi-amateurs, has been the inspiration of numerous groups, too, outside of New York. If the Guild has at last achieved a theatre of its own on a sound financial basis, by dint of steadily gaining more and more public confidence through season after season of good plays, carefully produced, so have Santa Barbara and Pasadena achieved community theatres, by dint of proving to their people that earnest and gifted amateurs in the playhouse can win to professional standards and establish a theatre without the cheapness and the compromises of the old speculative commercial management. The Theatre Guild has been a practical inspiration to the whole country. Its new house on West Fifty-second Street is the embodiment of a new and extremely significant idea, the idea of what we may call a democratic subsidy, a co-operative union between players or artists and public, and elimination of the old-fashioned theatrical middleman, the "manager"—who, of late, has been chiefly a real-estate speculator. The Guild Theatre is both an artistic and an economic triumph. And it is the latter, be it noted, because it was the former!



Panel representing *The Devil's Disciple,* with Roland Young, Basil Sydney and Lotus Robb

The Washington Square Players were forced to disband by the War, but shortly after the Armistice, Lawrence Langner, who had been one of the author-members of the group (he is also a lawyer), suggested that they reorganize on a more professional basis, acting long plays instead of one-act pieces, and in a larger house. Accordingly the Theatre Guild was formed, by Rollo Peters, Philip Moeller, Lee Simonson, Helen Westley, Justice Sheffield, Helen Freeman and Lawrence Langner. Peters, Justice Sheffield and Miss Freeman resigned a little later, and

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Built by funds subscribed by over two thousand members of the New York theatregoing public, the new Guild Theatre, which opened in April with Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, has been hailed as the most up-to-date playhouse in the United States. Above is the handsome Florentine auditorium which seats nine hundred and is located on the mezzanine floor

The Foyer of the new Guild Theatre looking into the lounge. The architects are C. Howard Crane, Kenneth Franzheim and C. Hunter Bettis. Lee Simonson and Norman Bel-Geddes, well-known scenic artists, aided in the designing of the theatre

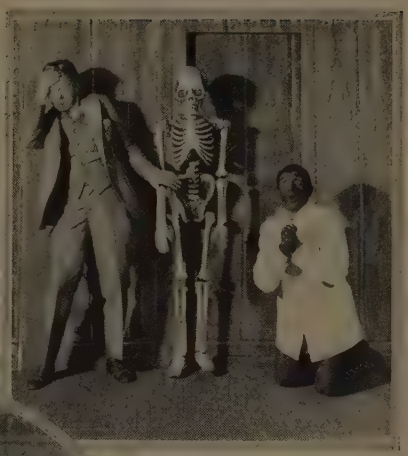
(*Above*) The staircase leading from the Foyer to the Auditorium on the mezzanine floor. (*To the left*) The comfortable lounge which is used during intermissions for smoking and sociability

THE NEW GUILD THEATRE

The Realization of a Dream Which Started in an Obscure Little Room in Greenwich Village

The host (*Frederick Truesdell*), of the bewitched house, shows his author-guest (*Robert Strange*) a black-hand letter he has just received from the notorious Gorilla

Mr. Garrity, one of the trick detectives on the case (*Frank McCormack*), sees a skeleton emerge from a secret closet, while the faithful servant (*Stephen Maley*) kneels in terror-stricken prayer



The Gorilla (*Harry A. Ward*) surprises one of the detectives (*Frank McCormack*) hiding in a barrel, so frightened by the dreadful creature that his trigger finger is paralyzed

The real Gorilla is about to be unmasked by the two slick detectives (*Frank McCormack* and *Clifford Dempsey*), the author (*Robert Strange*) and the kidnapped lady (*Betty Weston*)

Poe, the horrible Gorilla (*Harry A. Ward*), carries off the beautiful niece of the household (*Betty Weston*) to his underground lair

"THE GORILLA" THRILLS AND AMUSES AT THE SELWYN THEATRE

Burlesque on the Mystery Play Makes Audiences Hysterical With Laughter

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

PLAYS that achieve long runs invariably find imitators. The very substantial success of *Rain, White Cargo* and other pieces, with scenes laid in semi-savage, out-of-the-way places of the earth, and native characters wearing scanty clothing, gibbering pigeon English and drinking themselves to death with bad whisky, has resulted in a large crop of other dramas of like character. *Aloma of the South Seas,* recently produced at the Lyric, is of the same breed and largely hula-hula hokum. The play has no claim to distinction of any sort. It is crude both in the telling and the setting. The true atmosphere of the South Seas is not there. The thing does not ring true. Yet for all that, it is the kind of material that goes with the thoughtless crowd, and a box-office success for the piece is almost assured.

The program announces it as a "drama of love and youth," and to justify this statement a crop of native South Sea dancers, displaying bare legs and ukuleles, are seen gamboling over the printed pages. It is a little brother of *White Cargo,* only, instead of one little South Sea wiggler, there are a good many, and they do the South Sea Island shimmy oftener.

The story centers about a white man who goes to the South Sea Islands, and who can't stand up under the terrific heat and the seductions of the little brown dancing devils. Perhaps it was an attempt to give the audience the real atmosphere—the torrid climate of the isle in which the play has its setting, that the management disregards ventilation, and keeps the doors shut during the play and between acts. On the opening night the place was like a Turkish bath.

The hula dancing is not half as suggestive as the "cute" doings of Aloma, who douses a pink silk nightie with perfume, and puts it to bed in the embrace of the white pajamas of the white man she wants to seduce. She also lavishly sprinkles the bed and the canopy with the scent. How hula girls, away off in the South Sea Isles, learn these little bedroom tricks—worthy of a sophisticated Broadway gold-digger—is something still to be explained.

The dialogue could hardly be more platitudinous. For example, one of the characters says: "After all, morality is only a matter of geography," and there is chatter even more trite.

The leading character, a strange creature ne'er seen on land or sea, a combination savage, philosopher, Pied Piper, all-round murderous demon lover, is well played by George Gaul. Vivienne Osborne, an attractive young woman of much seductive charm, who has since left the cast to succeed Leonore Ulric in *The Harem,* was very effective in the title-rôle.

IT is pleasant, after having been constrained to say the disagreeable things I did about the Nugents' former play, *The Rising Son,* to put on record the fact that their newest piece, *The Poor Nut,* at the Henry Miller, is a rip snorting success. A typical rah-rah play, it has pennants, sweaters, "the big game," cheer leaders, a college dance and all. They have labeled it a comedy of modern youth, but it is not too ebullient and youthful to be entertaining. Adults have a way of steering clear of dear old alma mater dramatic creations, but when they hear more about the poor nut, they will change their minds.

Elliott Nugent, co-author, plays the title-rôle, the part of the college youth who cannot be standardized by the undergraduates. He is a shy, quaint creature, more interested in cactus specimens than college athletes, who scorns a future as a plutocratic bond salesman for a career as an underpaid botany professor. Having helped to create the poor nut, Elliott Nugent knows how to give him life on the stage. He makes him a fairly lovable youth, with just the necessary shading of pathos to the characterization. Nevertheless, there are those in the audience who are more attracted to the standardized and 100-per-cent. normal college youths who caper through the play in minor rôles.

Florence Shirley is thoroughly convincing as the burbling, light-hearted and light-witted young flirt, who juggles Freudian theories and college boys' hearts with equal ease, and Norma Lee brings to the rôle of her chum a real sincerity and understanding. John Webster, as the enthusiastic coach who puts the fear of failure in the hearts of the college athletes, and Percy Helton as the peppy cheer leader, are excellent in their individual rôles. The big scene of the play takes place in the second act, during the race meet, in a seething stadium.

Plays You Ought to See

OLD ENGLISH—Interesting play by John Galsworthy, in which George Arliss plays the part of a man of eighty.

ROSE-MARIE—That *rara avis,* an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

THE GUARDSMAN—Amusing comedy by the author of *Liliom.* One of the best things the Theatre Guild has done.

THE FIREBRAND—Entertaining comedy farce, based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. One of the most amusing pieces on Broadway.

THE GORILLA—A burlesque mystery play. One of the funniest and most thrilling shows ever seen on Broadway.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

THE WILD DUCK—A magnificent revival of the Ibsen drama. Splendidly acted. A rare treat in the theatre.

THERE is no form of literature that dates so promptly as playwriting. So many popular plays of a particular period owe their real success to their timely ephemerality. Only those survive that are based on wide, universal appeal or on great fundamental human truths. *Taps,* which Lionel Barrymore has been using as a starring vehicle at the Broadhurst, is more than twenty years old, but if, technically, it does not measure up to the modern accepted methods, it is a strong, absorbing play, based as it is on a thesis that will never down, the class distinction that exists in the military world, whether it be German—Beyerlein's play has a Prussian setting—or that of any other country. It is in essence a tragedy, since the protagonist shoots his own daughter, rather than her seducer, the superior in rank of the wronged girl's father. It is its details of garrison life that give the play its verity, while the court-martial scene, which makes up the second act, is a proceeding of finely sustained interest, presented with splendid pictorial effectiveness, and acted in the present revival with admirable dramatic skill.

There is a single female character in the cast, the daughter, acted with charm and great simplicity by Irene Fenwick. Lionel Barrymore makes a fine human figure as the old sergeant and comports himself with proper dignity and tragic intensity. His bearing and loping walk, however, hardly suggests fifty years of military experience. In sharp contrast in this particular is Ulrich Haupt as Corporal Helbig, a well-nigh perfect characterization. Edgar Beecher, Thurlow Bergen, Herbert Standing, Edwin Maxwell, Frederick Macklyn and McKay Morris admirably differentiated the personal characteristics of a number of Prussian soldiers and officers of varying types.

EVERY now and again Broadway is afforded an exceptional opportunity for a genuine, honest-to-goodness laugh. The latest prize-winning mirth provoker is *The Gorilla* at the Selwyn.

About ninety-nine per cent. of the piece is monkey business. It's spoofing on a royal scale. Ralph Spence's burlesque melodrama is just about the darndest thing you ever saw. But funny. A real laugh-getter. It went over so big the opening night that an unusual demonstration followed the final curtain. It is not unusual to hear "bravos" and lusty cheers in a Latin playhouse, but it is extremely rare in New York. But all of the spoofers in the cast of this new, chilling, thrilling, horrific concoction were cheered and hissed and bravoed in turn.

The Gorilla accomplishes what *The Tavern* attempted. It lays bare the workings of a mystery play. All the old claptrap is there and a little bit more. Trick lights that flash on and off. A supposedly haunted house. A band of crooks. Mysterious disappearances. Threats. Black-hand letters. Secret doors, casements, walls. A terrible gorilla, head of a band of criminals, is thrown in for good measure, and, just to make the thing more complicated, a tattooed sailor, who is just about the most irrelevant person to pick for such a setting. Skele-

tons, a bull's head and a lot of hairy hands and other chamber-of-horror contrivances dress the goofy dramatic creation up a bit more.

When the audience is just about hysterical with mirth, the big gorilla jumps over the footlights and ambles around out front. A couple of cocky, but dumb, detectives furnish the comedy. The lines are terrible puns and awful wise-cracking, but it fits in with the general character of the hilarious "mystery play." Frank McCormack and Clifford Dempsey have all the hard work as the trick plain clothesmen.

The Gorilla is about the funniest thing on Broadway—a rare treat for those who want their risibilities tickled.

TOO often the experimental theatre is imbued with such a superior sense of literary pretension that it simply becomes ridiculous. Such a charge cannot be made against the Manhattan Little Theatre Club, which recently presented at the Lenox Hill Theatre, for the first time on the English-speaking stage, Lord Byron's mystery, *Cain.* It was a venture as daring as its results were wonderfully intelligent and splendidly artistic.

In these days when Fundamentalism *vs.* Modernism plays such a prominent part in the general discussion, its production was particularly pertinent, for Byron, in his time, was an arch rebel. While his Lucifer may have voiced his personal ideas, his claim was that its basic pronouncements were sound and satisfying, founded as they were on historical, and the then all too limited, scientific discoveries of the age. *Cain* is as metaphysical as *Manfred,* and in its poetical strength and significance of allegory, represents the titled poet in the full flush of his best accomplishment. As a play, it has its static moments, when fine elocution of noble poetry takes the place of action, but the final incident, the death of Abel, is splendidly dramatic, and movingly convincing as Adah, the devoted wife, takes her place by the side of Cain and wanders forth from the precincts of Eden into the wide, wide world.

The stage on which this revival was given is one of the smallest in town, yet by the joint efforts of Bassett Jones, Alexander Wyckoff and Walter Hartwig, effects of special beauty were presented with quite marvelous effect.

William P. Carleton, a picture of manly strength, invested Cain with fine distinction and feeling. The sonorous periods of Lucifer Albert Howson delivered with varied declamatory skill. Alberta Gallatin as Eve and Jane Grey as Zillah were perfectly satisfying. The Adah of Thais Lawton was an impersonation of real beauty.

ONCE more the "little giant of the North" has scored. As a stop gap, pending the production of a novelty not quite ready for presentation, the Stagers recently resorted to a revival of *Rosmersholm.* Preceded at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre by a revival of his *Wild Duck,* this makes the second of the Norwegian's repertoire to find favor this season with the critics and the general public. Of course, the players like Ibsen as he never fails to write consistent, playable, and in most cases "fat" parts. *Rosmersholm* is like many a play of the established French tradition, *un drame à thèse,* static rather than dramatic in that its problems are worked out in discussion rather than action. It is vital, however, and never without interest, though the philosophical content these days can not surprise as it once did in view of the present discussions of the modernists and the fundamentalists.

The disturbing fascination of Rebecca West is convincingly presented by Margaret Wycherly, although I confess I missed many of her lines. The actress at least owes it to Ibsen that she be entirely audible. I'm getting slightly out of patience with these artists who, if they satisfy themselves, are indifferent as to whether their public hears them or not. The troubled surroundings were nicely suggested by Josephine Hull as Mrs. Hellsetti, the housekeeper, and J. M. Kerrigan as the peripatetic exponent of a somewhat mixed philosophy was suavely insinuating. The underlurking spirit of unsatisfied revenge was grimly suggested by Arthur Hughes.

Photo Monroe

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Seen as Beatrice in John Galsworthy's play, *A Bit o' Love,* produced by the Actors' Theatre at a series of matinées

The doubting unhappiness of the last of the Rosmers was presented with firm, quiet dignity by Warren William and as the arch exponent of unyielding reaction and conventional decorum, Carl Anthony gave a fine all-around performance of Dr. Kroll.

Cleon Throckmorton's single setting is drably appropriate and the costumes worn are significant of the prosy ugliness of the Norway fashions of 1886.

WEDEKIND, one of the most interesting and significant of the elder group of modern German dramatists, has come to America a second time. Years ago, with the presentation here of his tragedy of adolescence, *The Awakening of Spring,* his excessive frankness in sexual matters rather shocked New York theatregoers—then not as hard-boiled in stage indecency as now. But whatever impression that earlier play made on the general public, its significance as a work of art must have been entirely overlooked by the present adaptors of his *Erdgeist.* Otherwise they would have noted that, while Wedekind has done many unspeakable things in his hectic and restless career as an intellectual rebel against the social proprieties, the perpetrating of lewd plays just for the sake of being smutty has never been one of them.

When Wedekind wrote he had no premonition of the glories of Pola Negri, but was interested rather in the bitter forces which tear at the heart of life. Erdgeist means literally earth-spirit and it was of this that Wedekind wrote—of the evil, destructive earth-spirit which breaks all that is winged in man and soils his clearest vision. This spirit he embodies in the form of a beautiful, degenerate woman.

The American adaptor has taken this play and after emasculating and deleting all that entitles it to be taken seriously, has stressed only the sensual scenes and produced a sort of movie effect. The heroine is made a lovely, snorting, perfume-spraying creature, as if the author had interest in nothing but the intrigues of life. The viciousness and degeneration against which man fights and loses was lost and all that remained of the earth-spirit was the charming picture of Margot Kelly as a stunning red-headed girl who shouted now and then to be emphatic.

IN the field of musical comedy the past month has not been entirely barren. The musical comedy *Tell Me More* made to order by the creators of *Lady, Be Good,* and presented at the Gaiety, is serviceable and pleasing, though it lacks originality and distinction. It is the sort of musical comedy destined for ingratitude—you see it and like it, and then go on your way and forget it. The music is by George Gershwin, and several of the catchy songs are sure to be played at the supper clubs, on victrolas, and over the radio. The costumes are fresh and summery, the dancing fair, the plot nil, the comedy pretty terrible. Those are the ingredients.

Lou Holtz, in a daffodill rôle, has most of the comedy work, which he puts over with his usual smooth assurance and clowning of the vaudeville variety. Alexander Gray, as the young hero, does most of the singing and does it well, with pretty Phyllis Cleveland, as the little shopgirl Cinderella. Andrew Tombes is consistently funny as a love-sick swain, and little Emma Haig, remembered from *Rosie O'Reilly,* plays the rôle of his sweetheart, introducing a thicker lisp than she has ever displayed before.

The dances, staged by Sammy Lee, are exceptionally well arranged, and the chorus is uniformly hard-working and topnotch. The dancing high light is by Willie Covan and Leonard Ruffin, who gave a blackface specialty number, "The Poetry of Motion," is a superb buck-and-wing routine. Two little cuties, Dorothy Wilson and Mary Jane, are featured in a few eccentric dance numbers, speedy and amusing.

SO preposterously innocent is the girl whose antics provide the material for Sophie Treadwell's new comedy, *O Nightingale* at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, that she gives the impression of being not quite bright. The rôle is one of a sweet burbler, a cutie Helen Hayish sort of creation. Her stupendous sweetness and

(*Continued on page* 63)

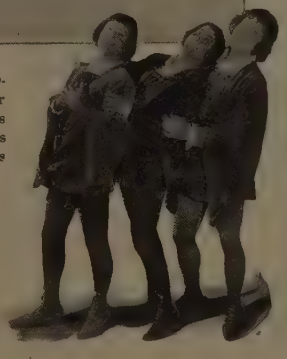
Princess Ida (*Tessa Kosta*) realizes that her dream of a world without man has been frustrated by the desertion of her disciples and the invasion of an ardent, handsome prince

Yum-Yum (*Marguerite Namara*), on the day of her wedding to Nanki-Poo, stops a moment to marvel at her great beauty and to apostrophize it, together with the loveliness of the sun and the moon

King Gama (*Robinson Newbold*), hypochondriac father of the cold princess, who finds joy in melancholy, complains bitterly because his captors will not abuse him

With the welcome revival this season of Gilbert & Sullivan's melodious operettas, charming lyrics have in some measure drowned out the whining of "Dixie" songs and witty dialogue has usurped the place of musical-comedy patter along Broadway

Ko-Ko (*Lupino Lane*), sentenced to die, suddenly finds himself reprieved and elevated to the exalted rank of High Lord Executioner, with a sword double his size and a Cabinet of one man



Cyril, Hilarion and Florian (*Scott Welsh, Sudworth Frazier, Bertram Peacock*) gaily invade the secluded realm from which Princess Ida has banished all men

Three little maids from school (*Barbara Maurel, Marguerite Namara, Elsa Petersen*), in Japanese flapper fashion, comment on the meaning of life

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVAL

"Princess Ida" and "The Mikado" Delight Anew Audiences of a Later Generation

Can Shakespeare Be Translated Into English?

Dare We Do Unto the Immortal Bard as He Did Unto Others?

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

NOT long ago I witnessed the performance of a delightful play at the Deutsches Theater in Berlin—the theatre famous as the home of Max Reinhardt, Germany's greatest dramatic producer and theatrical innovator. The play was a fairy-tale, a fantastic *pot-pourri* of the imagination, and so swiftly did it move across the footlights, so rapid were its changes from broad farce to charming sentiment, that the audience was alternately convulsed and enthralled as the play tripped along gaily to its final curtain; I know of no modern fairy-tale I have enjoyed half so much, and I have seen *Peter Pan, The Blue Bird* and a host of others.

The title of this article makes it useless to attempt to conceal further the name of the author of the play; it was one William Shakespeare, and the play itself was *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

William Shakespeare! What vistas of prosy boredom are let loose in the average Anglo-Saxon mind by the mere mention of our greatest poet's name! Memories of the dull classroom return, the listless droning of verses by the vaguely puzzled boys, the nasal perorations of the uninspiring schoolmaster, and, above all, the lazy sunbeams tracing fantastic designs upon the classroom floor, writing an invitation dear to small boys' hearts, to come outside in the sweet, fresh air and play. Later memories carry us to the Victorian theatre, to the spouting of the Great Generations of Actors, the musty traditions handed down by Garrick to Booth, by Booth to Irving, and by Irving to Tree and all the rest, until Form took the place of Art, and Routine, with its dull fingers, throttled Imagination!

And so Shakespeare, gay wit, profound poet and brilliant epigrammist of sixteenth-century England, became the dullard, the torturer of small boys, the vehicle for portentous actor-managers and mid-Victorian scene-painters of nineteenth and twentieth-century Anglo-Saxonia, in which term I include Great Britain and all its colonies, the United States and all other places where the English language is written, spoken or murdered.

A FOREBODING of choleric rumblings disturbs me as I write these lines. I envisage some of my readers, and by no means gentle readers, asking me what I am driving at. Isn't it the fact that only recently John Barrymore played *Hamlet* to musical-comedy receipts? Isn't it the fact that he has just conquered London with this self-same production? Hasn't Walter Hampden just produced *Othello,* and didn't Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore and Marjorie Rambeau all essay Shakespearian rôles, though the two latter fell with dull thuds by the wayside? The answer is that these facts are quite correct and that they prove my case, for in the past five years New York and London together have not harbored more than perhaps ten productions of the poet, acknowledged by us to be the greatest dramatist of all time—except our time, for our own Samuel Shipman and our own Guy Bolton can boast of as many productions if not far more. Is it necessary to go further? To answer the dull remark that we don't produce Shakespearian actors nowadays, when our stage is glowing with magnificent talent. To give you the actual number of plays which flood the New York theatres like the annual deluge of the Nile, and to tell you with statistical accuracy what percentage of these plays are written by Shakespeare. Save us the trouble and a trip to the library. You all know, in your theatre-going hearts, that Anglo-Saxonia does not adore its Shakespeare. We revere him; we respect him; we venerate him; but except when some great living personality like John Barrymore or Jane Cowl gives life and vitality to his works, we steadfastly keep away from him.

BUT to return to the miracle which I described at the beginning of this article. How came it that *The Midsummer Night's Dream,* by *Herr* Wilhelm Shakespeare, produced by *Herr* Max Reinhardt in the *Deutsche Sprache* at the Deutsches Theater, Berlin, before a worthy audience of Berlin burghers (the war is over, so we don't have to be impolite about them), was as lively as the *Scandals of 1924,* as jolly as the *Grand Street Follies,* as beautiful as anything I have seen in the theatre and almost as popular as *Charlie's Aunt*? And to refer to a few more miracles, how is it that Shakespeare is Germany's most popular playwright, produced in dozens of theatres and giving Mr. Samuel Shipman, Mr. Guy Bolton and the rest no chance whatsoever?

For we can explain Reinhardt's success with Shakespeare in the same way that we can explain the success of John Barrymore; the triumph of the living great over the dead great. But that does not explain why Shakespeare is generally popular all over Germany, no matter how badly he is produced, while he is generally unpopular all over England and the United States, no matter how well he is produced. Indeed, it is inexplicable, and whatever is inexplicable is obviously a miracle.

But this is a bad era for miracles. People, for some reason or other, insist on knowing why. Thus it was that I became curious to know why a German audience, made up of the tired business men of Prussia, should enjoy the works of a man so uninteresting to the tired business men of England and America. Was it due to a difference in the degree of fatigue? Did the tired business man of Berlin bound out of his office, brimful of vitality, and call for Shakespeare in a loud, resounding voice? Not a bit of it. It seemed to me he asked for just what his Anglo-Saxon brothers asked, the opportunity to amuse himself by seeing a good show, in exchange for which he was quite willing to pay some of the proceeds of the toil which had made him tired; and he found in Shakespeare just such a show as New York could find in Ziegfeld and the Theatre Guild combined, or London in Charlot and the Stage Society.

I FOUND that the real reason for the popularity of Shakespeare in Germany does not lie either in superior acting, or in superior production, or in superior audiences. It lies in the hearts of the plays themselves. Shakespeare in Germany is not a wit and a poet of a bygone age; he is a modern poet, a modern dramatist, speaking in a language of living words and flowing with living poetry; for the Shakespeare of Germany is a *translated* Shakespeare, a Shakespeare transposed into the German language of two hundred years later than the English original, and thus alive and throbbing with the vitality which is attained when language, the coinage of our thoughts, has the flavor of the mintage of to-day.

Can Shakespeare be translated into the English of to-day? Heresy! Profanity! Perish the thought! I hear the academic gentlemen telling us that Shakespeare wrote in Elizabethan English, a far better English than we write to-day, the English of England's Great Period of Literature, the English of the King James Version. I hear the protests of a hundred learned scribes, to each one of whom I answer with just one question, "Do you write to-day in the language of the Old Testament, and if not, why don't you?" I know what the reply will be. "Sir," my critic will reply, "I don't write in Elizabethan or King James English, not because I don't think it is not the best English, but because I wish my writings to be read by the people of to-day—in other words, to be popular." And I reply, "Exactly so! I want Shakespeare to be appreciated by the people of to-day, to be popular, so I want him rewritten in the English of to-day!" Our critic regards me skeptically, but I have a look in my eye which makes him realize that I am serious. "Shakespeare is the Treasure House of England's Literary Glory," he booms, uttering each word with a large capital letter; "he must be preserved intact, as the Heritage of our Race!" "You can preserve him all you want," I reply, somewhat irreverently, "but do it in a museum, not in a theatre. Theatres simply will not permit themselves to be used for preserving the Heritages of Nations or any heavy work of that sort, and museums are endowed by the Government for just that purpose. Try

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Muray

HELENE DENIZON

Whose lovely dancing in charming ballet tradition is a delightful contrast to the staccato undulations of the jazz nymphs in Gilda Gray's *Revue*, which is summering somewhere near the banks of the Mississippi

Mishkin

ANNA ROBENNE

Formerly *première danseuse* of the Royal Ballet in Moscow and member of the original *Chauve-Souris*, in a recent New York recital proved herself an artist of great imagination, versatility and fiery temperament

Leonetti

MARIA CHERER-BEKEFI

A descendant of dancers famous in Europe for the past three generations and one of the most talented of the younger Russian ballerinas, whose dancing in *The Miracle* was a thing of color and intensity

THE ARISTOCRACY OF MOTION

The "Charleston" and the "Hula" Are for a Day, but the Beauty of the Traditional Ballet Endures Forever

A Puritan Startles Broadway

Mary Morris Tells of Her Struggles and Aspirations, Which Include Playing Shakespeare

By ADA PATTERSON

A PURITAN, with long dimples in her cheeks and a significant cleft in her chin, is what I saw when I entered Mary Morris' dressing-room after a matinée and what I saw when I left it. A half-hour dialogue lessened no whit the first impression, subtracted nothing from the last.

"Your performance in *Desire Under the Elms* has caused much favorable comment," I reminded the young woman with the deeply dark eyes, the straight, sleek, bobbed hair, the face that is comely despite its near boniness and its high cheekbones. "Those who have seen the performance would like to know more of you than they do."

"A great deal has been printed that was wrong," said Miss Morris.

"As for instance?"

"As for instance that I went to college to fit myself for newspaper work and changed my mind in favor of the stage. I never for a moment considered doing newspaper work."

"Why not?"

"Because my father, James Perry Morris, was a newspaper man."

"I understand."

"He was a very capable editor of several of the leading newspapers of Boston."

"Still I understand. A man, however successful he has been in it, seldom wants his daughter to adopt his profession. Every man knows the seamy side, the kitchen work, of his profession and would spare his offspring the performance of it."

"The offspring learns something of it and wants to avoid it too. The truth is that I have wanted to act ever since I can remember, and I went to Radcliffe College to prepare for the stage."

"Any parental obstacles?"

"No parental obstacles." Miss Morris' habitually grave face relaxed into a half smile.

"Unique!" from me.

"Perhaps it was because my father was an editor. A newspaper man has many contacts. He has a broad survey of life," from Miss Morris.

"I don't recall any newspaper man or newspaper woman of cramped views," I agreed.

"HAS your New England birth and education caused you better to understand the character of the stepmother in *Desire Under the Elms*?"

"I think it has. I have had glimpses of the isolated country life in that region. If I hadn't had it, our author, Eugene O'Neill, and our director, Robert Edmond Jones, would have made me understand. They talked to us about conditions on the small farms. So that if we had not known them, we have learned them." The serious young face permitted itself another half smile.

"Still, the stepmother type is not essentially a New England type. Is she not one of the universal types?"

"I think she is. She appears in modified form in *Francesca da Rimini* and in *Œdipus*. There has been a general recognition that the play has a Greek unfoldment."

The slim young woman sitting opposite

Oxford

MARY MORRIS

Whose intense playing of the stepmother in *Desire Under the Elms* has won her a high position in the theatre

me in her dressing-room in the Earl Carroll Theatre has infinite repose. She sat erect as a statue, and moveless, throughout our dialogue. She would, before the half-hour had ended, have need of that repose.

"Was the experience with public sentiment and the District Attorney's office disturbing?" I asked.

That was the only time the small, delicate features allowed themselves a full smile. "Not in the least," she said. "We all knew that it was not significant. We did not expect the play to close. We did not believe that the District Attorney expected it. If public sentiment had been stirred against the play, I would have received a flood of protesting letters. I have not received one. The only letter I received from a clergyman was a commendatory one from Rev. John Haynes Holmes."

We talked of speeches permissible on the stage. "One must not consider a line apart from the content of the play and the demands of the situation," returned the immovable New Englander, sitting statue-like beside her dressing-table. "I cannot conceive of any line that is part of a play's content and outgrowth of a natural situation that I would not speak. For instance, in the scene in which the stepmother talks to her son of a primary urge of life she says 'You can't beat nature.' Is that indecent?"

We mentally aeroplaned from Broadway to Harvard.

Her preparation for the stage while at Radcliffe College was as one of the company that performed the plays produced by Prof. George Baker's famous "Workshop 47."

"It was a valuable experience. Professor Baker is an extraordinarily able man. Although he is not professional, he had the sense of the theatre. His direction was sound and constructive. It was a severe training. He was stern. He did not spare us candid criticism. 'That was awful,' was a common expression of his after watching a scene or hearing the reading of a speech. But we did not mind. At least, I did not, for when we pleased him he was as lavish with praise as he had been with scorn.

"I did not finish my course at Radcliffe. I never intended to finish it. When I had secured enough training for the stage through our college dramatics and the work with Professor Baker I left it. Even before I entered college, it was while I was in high school, I had received my greatest impetus to the stage beside my inward urge toward it. That was my meeting with George Arliss. It was at a conference of the Millennium Society. That is an organization for the protection of animal life from the cruelty of humans. Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Arliss were interested, and both addressed the audience. I was presented to Mr. Arliss and told him of my wishes. He drew a picture of what I was facing. He said, 'It is awful.' He told me of some of his own experiences while trying to make progress in this country. He ended with 'If you are even heard of, if anyone in the audience knows your name in the first ten years, you are fortunate.' He told me he would remember my name. He did, for when I asked for an engagement with his company he gave me a small part and two understudies in *Alexander Hamilton*. I learned more about the stage from Mr. Arliss than from any professional.

"I had more than the usual stock experience. I played in the Bandbox with the Washington Square Players here. And with Miss Jessie Bonstelle and Bertram Harrison's company at Northampton. And in the West."

"YOU had, then, an acquaintance with the so-called Sticks."

"A wide experience with the Sticks. In fact, nearly eight years' acquaintance. The Sticks is the only place where a player can get general experience in this country. It is far better for him to play many parts there than to play one part continuously for six months as I have done in *Desire Under the Elms*."

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Goldberg

RUTH CHATTERTON

Leaving behind the whimsicalities of *The Little Minister*, this interesting actress now concerns herself with the actualities of post-war life in Nice as the heroine of *Women and Ladies*, a play adapted by Cosmo Hamilton from the French of Louis Verneuil

Kesslere

MARGALO GILLMORE

Who startled the most optimistic of critics this season with a brilliant performance in a mediocre drama, is now in California with Henry Miller's Stock Company, playing the rôle of the inhibited princess in *The Swan*

Nishiyama

Wide World Studio

RUTH SHEPLEY

After a year of hectic heroines, it was a relief to see the lovely simplicity of this player even in so humble a play as *The Back Slapper*

HELEN CHANDLER

Her sixteen years are no measure of the wealth of feeling and deep understanding at the command of this young player, who won high approval by her beautiful portrayal of Hedwig in *The Wild Duck*

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE THEATRICAL YEAR

Four Young Women Who Have Enriched the Past Season With Their Talent and Charm

Old English (*George Arliss*) delighting in his forbidden wine and the Irish prettiness of Molly (*Molly Johnson*)

Old English

A Play In Three Acts By John Galsworthy

WRITTEN in Galsworthy's humorously philosophical vein, but soundly conventional in treatment, "Old English" has survived a crowded season of lurid, unconventional and erotic drama. This gentle delineation of the character of an English patriarch, played with consummate skill by George Arliss, has been stamped with emphatic approval by a public which seems to prefer it to the bawdy-house obscenities that have lately masqueraded in the name of dramatic art—which ought to prove something to certain managers, but probably won't. The present reproduction is published by permission of the author and the producer, Mr. Winthrop Ames. Copyright, 1925, by John Galsworthy

THE CAST

(As produced at the Ritz Theatre by Winthrop Ames)

Sylvanus Heythorp	George Arliss
Gilbert Farney	Frederick Earle
Bob Pillin	Deering Wells
Charles Ventnor	Stafford Dickens
Mr. Brownbee	Norman Cannon
Clergyman	Eustace Wyatt
Rosamund Larne	Irby Marshal
Phyllis	Cecile Dixon
Jock	George Walcott
Joseph Pillin	Ivan F. Simpson
Adela Heythorp	Ethel Griffies
Two Clerks	Edmund George, Victor Weston
A Director	Langford Hayes
Mr. Batterson	James Hughes
Mr. Westgate	Horace Cooper
Mr. Winkley	M. Murray Stephens
Mr. Budgeon	Arthur Villars
Mr. Appleby	Thomas Donnelly
Letty	Henrietta Goodwin
Meller	Henry Morrell
Molly	Molly Johnson

THE first scene of the first act takes place in the board room of the Island Navigation Company in Liverpool. Sylvanus Heythorp—"Old English," as he is more affectionately known—has just emerged from a meeting of his numerous creditors, whom he has, once more, placated with the promise of a few hundred pounds additional interest. Heythorp, once an authority in British shipping circles, is now an old man of eighty-two, very much enfeebled but still maintaining a semblance of his former power, through his directorship in several companies.

By virtue of an iron will and his proud, overpowering personality, he has been able to quell the insurrections that have arisen from time to time against him. As a matter of fact, "Old English" is largely dependent upon the small annuities he derives from these directorships, and as he has voluntarily assumed the responsibilities of a widow, Mrs. Larne, and her two children, Phyllis and Jock—actually old Heythorp's grandchildren by an illegitimate son—his financial status is usually at low ebb.

In his declining years "Old English" has transferred an affection that might have gone to a family of his own to these *sub-rosa* grandchildren—his only relative is the rather unsympathetic daughter with whom he lives—and his one anxiety is to see that they are taken care of after he has gone. An opportunity at length presents itself in the person of an old friend, Joseph Pillin, senior partner of Pillin and Sons, ship builders, who have some vessels to sell to the Island Navigation Company.

HEYTHORP: Make it worth my while, Joe, or it won't go through.

JOE PILLIN: Worth your while? (*Lowering voice*): How do you mean—a commission? You could never disclose it.

HEYTHORP: Who wants to? I'll get you sixty thousand for your ships if you'll give me ten per cent. of it. If you don't—deal's off, Joe.

JOE PILLIN: My dear Sylvanus—a commission—it's not legal.

HEYTHORP: Not going to take a penny myself. I want you to set it on some protégée of mine.

JOE PILLIN: But it's a breach of trust. Suppose it came out.

HEYTHORP: Won't come out. Nothing to prevent your executing a settlement on some third parties. Get your lawyer to draw up a deed poll to-morrow morning. Bring it to me here after the general meeting. If the purchase goes through, you sign it; if it doesn't you tear it up.

JOE PILLIN: Yes, but who are—these—these third parties?

HEYTHORP: Woman and her children—must make provision for them. Afraid of being mixed up with a woman, Joe?

JOE PILLIN: Yes, you may laugh. I am afraid of being mixed up with someone else's woman. I don't like it—I've not led your life, Sylvanus.

HEYTHORP: Lucky for you—been dead long ago. Tell your lawyer it's an old flame of yours—you old dog.

JOE PILLIN: Yes, there it is at once, you see. I might be subject to blackmail.

HEYTHORP: Tell him to keep your name dark and just pay over the income quarterly. . . . Matter must be settled to-morrow. And if I don't pitch it strong to the shareholders, the sale won't go through, that's flat.

JOE PILLIN: No, I don't think I can do it.

HEYTHORP: Very well. Get another bid if you can—freights'll go lower yet.

Maurice Goldberg

VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER

As Mistress Frail in the Provincetown revival of "Love For Love," this descendant of the famous Kemble family brings to the rôle of that irreproachable eighteenth-century "bachelor girl" the delicate grace and bright naughtiness which is the very spirit of Congreve

JOE PILLIN: Oh! Do you think so? . . . Very well, Sylvanus, I suppose I must.

HEYTHORP: Here's the name for your lawyer. Write it down. (*Pillin writes*): Rosamund Larne—with an "e"—23 Millicent Villas, Liverpool, widow of Philip Larne, late of Dublin, barrister-at-law; income to her, until her children, Phyllis Larne and John Larne, attain the age of twenty-one, then to said Phyllis and said John Larne in equal shares for life, remainder to children. Got that? Get it drawn to-morrow morning.

JOE PILLIN: It seems very risky—very irregular.

HEYTHORP: Go home and drink a bottle of champagne on it. Good night, Joe. No deed, no deal! I'll trust you.

* * * * * * *

THE second scene of the first act is the same. The following afternoon. By the very force of his personality, "Old English" has jammed the vote for the purchase of the Pillin ships through the general meeting. There has been some dissension, particularly on the part of a Mr. Charles Ventnor, a solicitor stockholder in the company, who is one of Heythorp's creditors—a rather nasty little man.

After the meeting has broken up, Joe Pillin comes in with the deed, as promised. It is all signed and stamped, but Mr. Pillin is still perturbed as to the possible consequences. He inquires who this Mrs. Larne may be and Heythorp informs him. Mr. Pillin decides that the whole affair is worse than he thought—a clear breach of trust on Heythorp's part. At any rate, he, Pillin, is going to get abroad for a stay. The cold is killing him.

JOE PILLIN: I wish you'd give me your recipe for keeping warm.

HEYTHORP: Get a new inside and drink port.

JOE PILLIN: And yet I suppose with your full habit, your life hangs by a thread.

HEYTHORP: Stout one, my boy.

JOE PILLIN: Well, good-by, Sylvanus. You're a Job's comforter. I must be getting home. I don't like it.

After he has left, Mr. Ventnor is ushered in. He is truculent and offensive.

VENTNOR: You had your way, Mr. Heythorp, but the meeting to-day might have turned very nasty. You rode roughshod, but, as you saw, I am not the only one who feels that a chairman ought to be in full possession of his faculties. If the shareholders to-day had turned you down, where would you have been?

HEYTHORP: In the soup. But they didn't.

VENTNOR: No, they just didn't, though I could have turned the scales against you. If they'd thrown you over, your other companies would shelve you too. Your position is precarious, Mr. Heythorp, in spite of the way you carry it off.

HEYTHORP: Will you come to the point, sir?

VENTNOR: Yes. It's this: by filing a petition for your bankruptcy, I could just about tip the beam against you.

HEYTHORP: File away.

VENTNOR: You won't pay me then?

HEYTHORP: No.

VENTNOR: Is that wise, Mr. Heythorp—is it wise? Think it over. By the way, you put the case for that purchase very high, don't you?

HEYTHORP (*looking at him steadily*): Not a bit too high. Freights have touched bottom—go up soon.

VENTNOR: Do you know what passed through my mind?

HEYTHORP: Not an idea.

VENTNOR (*smiling*): And you won't reconsider your refusal?

HEYTHORP: I will not.

VENTNOR: Very good, Mr. Heythorp. To our next meeting then. You've not heard the last of this. Good day.

HEYTHORP (*to himself*): That cur smells a rat.

* * * * * * *

THE second act takes place in the small, slightly disordered drawing-room of the Larnes' residence at Millicent Villas. It is apparent that Mrs. Larne is having a hard time making ends meet; is, in fact, desperately in need of money. Phyllis, her daughter, is disconsolate. She has been invited to attend a theatre party with young Bob Pillin—who made her acquaintance, by the way, at the Island Navigation Company offices—but she has no decent dress to wear.

"OLD ENGLISH"

Heythorp shows Pillin (*Ivan Simpson*), with whom he traded a sale for an illegal commission, a threatening note from an enemy

In the midst of their quandary, old Heythorp arrives to bring the glad tidings of the six thousand-pound settlement, which ought to put an end to most of their worries. As the first payment is not due for several days, "Old English" slips Phyllis a ten-pound note and tells her to buy a dress for her party. A ten-pound note represents a substantial sacrifice for the old man, but it is evident that his love for his pretty young granddaughter transcends such petty considerations.

After Heythorp has left, Mrs. Larne calls up her solicitor and asks him to come over at once. On the strength of the prospective allowance, it is possible that he may be willing to loan her some much-needed ready cash. The solicitor arrives. It happens to be none other than Mr. Charles Ventnor.

MRS. LARNE: Well, as you know, my affairs are very embarrassed, but to-day I had some splendid news. A settlement has been made upon us—perfect godsend, Mr. Ventnor, in the nick of time. Only of course I shan't get any interest from it until Lady Day. And, you see, I simply must have fifty pounds now—so I thought you would be so kind as to advance that on the security of this interest, charging, of course, what you like.

VENTNOR: Settlement? How much is this settlement?

MRS. LARNE: Six thousand pounds.

VENTNOR: Oh! (*Pricking up his ears*): Who made it?

MRS. LARNE: Ah! Well—that I'm not supposed to tell you.

VENTNOR: Six thousand—(*to himself*)—sixty thousand—ten per cent.——

MRS. LARNE: You can verify everything for yourself, of course. The lawyers are Messrs. Scriven.

VENTNOR: Not Crow and Donkin?

MRS. LARNE: No, the name was Scriven—aren't they lawyers?

VENTNOR: Oh! certainly; very good firm. Very interesting news, Mrs. Larne. I thought Crow and Donkin because—(*suddenly looking at her*)—they're old Mr. Heythorp's solicitors.

MRS. LARNE: Ah! but you see I promised not to mention any names, except of course the solicitor's. If I didn't mention him, I could hardly expect you to lend me the money, could I?

VENTNOR: Afraid I must ask you to be more frank, Mrs. Larne. Mr. Heythorp is your late husband's father?

MRS. LARNE: Why how did you know that?

VENTNOR: When you first came to see me, you spoke of his being behind you—remember? I confess I originally had a—(*with a look*)—well, a rather more intimate theory, but that didn't tally with my inquiries in Dublin. . . . So you want fifty pounds, Mrs. Larne? In that case, I must ask you to give me a little note to Scriven.

MRS. LARNE: Oh! of course. (*She goes to bureau and writes at his dictation*): "Dear sir—Will you be so good as to give my lawyer, Mr. Charles Ventnor, details of the settlement of six thousand pounds just made on my children and myself, that he may have record of the matter. Yours faithfully, etc." Just pin your card. I'll go and see them first thing to-morrow—know 'em quite well. If it's all right, you shall have the money, and I won't charge you a penny.

MRS. LARNE: Oh! but—how unusual!

VENTNOR: Not at all! Very glad to render you the little service. Hope it won't be the last. (*Softly to himself, while Mrs. Larne is attaching the card*): Got the old rascal! Neat—oh, neat!

* * * * * * *

IN the third act we are shown old Heythorp's sanctum in his daughter's home—a cozy room, with oil-paintings, deep armchairs and a log fire. Due to the strain under which he is laboring, Heythorp is not in a happy mood. Little things annoy him, particularly the carping solicitations of his daughter, Adela.

ADELA: Are you going to Bath, as Dr. Somers wants?

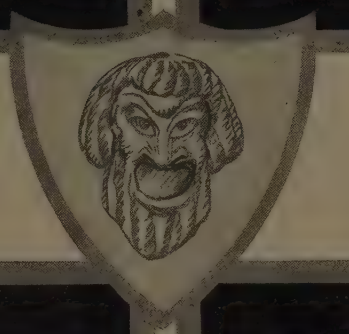
(*Continued on page* 52)

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

Mr. Ziegfeld will naturally adopt for his coat of arms a Glorified American Girl against a background of Stars and Stripes, a Chevron with two dainty Legs Rampant and two devices of Chorus limbs, Mill fashion, Argent

JOHN GOLDEN

"Clean Plays" is the key-note of Mr. Golden's crest, from the bathtub, which surmounts the shield, to the expurgated edition of the Bible in the lower right quarter. His coat of arms also includes a bottle of Certified Milk and two cakes of soap



DAVID BELASCO

Foremost comes the heart interest; in the upper right quarter, his splendid scenic effects, symbolized by "thousand-watt" lamps, thoroughly rampant

A. H. WOODS

The *"lit"* is the essential *motif* of this coat of arms, from the twin beds in the upper quarter to the homely four-poster under which his leading actresses hide themselves, in the lower right quarter

IF OUR MANAGERS ADOPT COATS OF ARMS!

This has been a season of Revivals. THEATRE MAGAZINE *suggests a revival of the charming heraldry of the Middle Ages among our theatrical managers, so that "by their shields shall ye know them!"*

Drawn by Muriel Hannah

Willie Howard sang *Pretty Molly Shannon* as he sang it to Anna Held

Bert and Betty Wheeler were funny in modern fashion

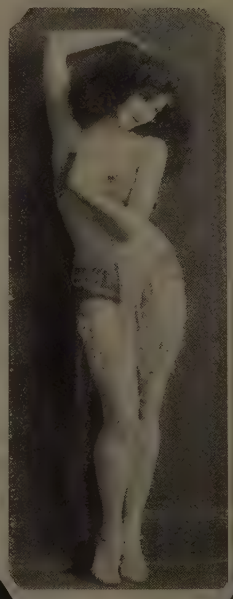
Goldberg

Sidney Blackmer sang his ballad of *The Mountain Man*

George Le Maire bombarded the audience with delightful humor

Bachrach

Arthur Sircum, who played the doctor, and Edward Pawley, who acted Joe in *They Didn't Know What They Were Getting*



Billy B. Van assisted Le Maire in serving jokes of the vintage 83 B. C.

Peggy Conway, who played Amy, and Francis Verdi, who acted Tony in Benjamin Kaye's clever travesty on *They Knew What They Wanted*

Sophie Tucker sang and talked her amusing "Red-hot Mama" philosophies

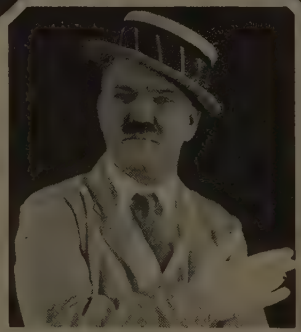
De Mirjian

Marjorie Leet, Ziegfeld beauty, charmed with her thrilling *Sword Dance*

Cissie Loftus gave impersonations of Fay Templeton, Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske

Jean Tennyson sang old favorites from *The Prince of Pilsen*, etc.

Edith Wynne Matthison gave her beautiful reading from *Everyman*



White

W. C. Fields performed his juggling tricks—not forgetting his famous cigar-boxes

ARTISTS WHO ENTERTAINED AT OUR JUBILEE DINNER

Eighteen Principals Who Contributed Their Talent and——

Goldberg

THE DUNCAN SISTERS IN "TOPSY AND EVA"

——Added Zest and Eclat to "Theatre Magazine's" Anniversary Celebration

S·C·R·E·E·N·L·A·N·D

Madame Sans-Gêne. Adventure. Soul-Fire. The Night Club

By FRANK VREELAND

THE book trade has what it calls light summer reading, suitable for days when lying in a hammock is about all the exertion of which mankind is capable. Now the film trade seems to be following its example and offering what might be called light summer reeling. It is for the languid months that the motion-picture *entrepreneurs* appear to save up their most flatulent films. Now come the photoplays that put very little strain on the intelligence, but often on the credulity. South Sea island stories are much in evidence, perhaps on the theory that the scantiness of primitive costume cools off turgid city souls.

But an exception to this rule of the mid-year doldrums is *Madame Sans-Gêne,* whose eruption amid the typical films of this period comes with the air of a duchess suddenly appearing in a boarding-house. It is as ornate and glittering a piece of celluloid bric-à-brac as the monumental chandeliers of the Napoleonic era which it limns. The producers enlisted the thorough co-operation of the French Government for this Gloria Swanson vehicle, possibly by allowing a Frenchman, Leonce Perret, to direct it and by cramming the cast with French actors, except for Gloria, to strut their little spangled hour in the doubly holy cause of Bonaparte and Sardou.

DEODORIZING SARDOU

THE Gallic authorities permitted, as a great privilege, the very settings at Fontainebleau and Malmaison, where Sardou spread the eagle wings of his comedy and even loaned Napoleon's snuff-box and parts of his costume, including, it would seem, the coat, vest and pants. They have, in fact, turned out everything but the Old Guard for this picture.

But somehow, in assembling this film until it seems more like a Napoleonic museum than a photoplay, they seem to have forgotten the need for a good story in the maze of more grandiose details. The picture is as imposing as a pyramid, but like a pyramid, when you get to the peak, it's still all view, without any particular action. They have removed much of the *diablerie,* the spicy sauciness from this story of the former laundress of the French conqueror who still prided herself on her washtub prowess even when she becomes a *grande dame* of the Emperor's Court. Hence she remains throughout the picture little but a good wife and washerwoman.

Why the producers should have deodorized the play is just another mystery typical of the movies. It is hard to understand why republican France should worry about making a good woman out of the Empress Louise—especially at this late date. Possibly this is meant as a retort to the German historical pictures of a couple of years ago which were deemed to vilify the French national character insidiously—or perhaps this is another instance of the sanctity surrounding the Napoleonic legend in France, even when it relates to his flighty Austrian consort. At any rate, the disinfecting process has made the title-rôle pure but puerile.

The letter to her father, which the Empress Louise sends and which convinces Napoleon that she has not been untrue to him, is represented as being a bona-fide missive, instead of a fictional stratagem to which the roguish Sans-Gêne prompts her in the original play. Hence this leaves Gloria with no reason to be present during the climacteric scenes, except that she is the star and is receiving a large salary. The actor playing Napoleon magnificently struts off with the honors, while the star marks time.

Comte Pierre de Ramey is one more titled aristocrat who has gone into a screen career. He has already played in several pictures in France and is now seeking fame in California

Emile Drain in this rôle drains off the glory of Gloria. So indeed do Charles de Roche and other actors in what is essentially a man's picture, well directed in the early scenes when Sans-Gêne baits the young Corsican with her charms, but growing diffuse toward the finish, with Gloria sailing like Louise Fazenda through gilded parties, and with antiquarian notes to the subtitles pointing out the places of interest en route, which make this a Cook's tour through history.

ADVENTURE

A COMPANION-PIECE to the Swanson picture is *Adventure,* from Jack London's story, which fulfills the South Sea mission of the films at this time of year. It is a fit running mate because Pauline Starke, featured with Tom Moore, is La Marquise de Swanson's double. She has a similar Sphinxlike cast of countenance, and her smile is of the same dental variety—a smile which La Gloria is now distending to the same stereotyped width for all occasions, as one who gives of her best always.

The story itself is an unpretentious but sporting tale of adventure, centered about a young girl trader in Polynesia who is rebelliously engaged in showing she can carry on without the assistance of the arrogant intrusive male. This is enough to cause all the white men within hail to thrust their affections on her. The picture is replete with dynamite climaxes, for every time trouble from the natives reaches a crisis somebody throws a stick of high explosive, and it is all beautifully smoothed away. The real laurel wreaths for the picture are worn by that raffish duo, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, who should henceforth remain as inseparable as Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. For Beery with his blustering villainy and his robustious, Falstaffian humor, and Hatton as his foil, a ferret of a man, provide a pair of rascally traders who could save any humid South Sea tale from the usual spasms of arrantly amorous interludes.

SOUL-FIRE

MORE deliberately artistic use is made of the same locale in the latest Richard Barthelmess picture, *Soul-Fire,* for though it ranges liberally over the map while its hero gropes for musical inspiration, its more memorable scenes are laid down where the ukuleles grow. Here, in this screen translation of Martin Brown's play, *Great Music,* the young composer is washed ashore, a ship's deserter, after periods of tribulation that followed his escape from the commercial career ordained for him by his wealthy family, and that led him to peer for artistic stimulus into the eyes of various women, with the usual unsatisfactory results. It is through the flowerlike personality of the little English waif, played sweetly by Bessie Love, that he gains his abiding impetus toward creative work, and—well, it's not so banal as it sounds.

It is, in fact, the best picture in which Barthelmess has appeared in a long time, and he depicts the gradual crumbling of the wandering genius with a sure sense of how to go to the dogs with the most striking effects. In the scrofulous Port Said dive, where Helen Ware and Walter Long both acquit themselves vehemently, Barthelmess wears in his eyes the look of a cowed dog, which only a sensitive artist could evolve. As he beats out his symphony on the island piano in a fine frenzy of inspiration, one gets a surging sense of a man forging his soul on the anvil of fate, and hears in fancy the keys clamoring with sound—although it's only an optical illusion.

In spite of covering so much ground, the picture manages through the direction of John S. Robertson to avoid a sense of diffuseness, preserving a thread of continuity through intermittent glimpses of an orchestra flailing away at the mighty, finished symphony. The little Lorelei of the lei does not contract leprosy, as in the play—she merely gives young Fane some qualms to prelude the final close-up. But heigho, the films must have their bit of license!

THE NIGHT CLUB

MERRILY bracing in this weather is *The Night Club,* so entitled because recent padlocking history has put the name on everyone's

Wescosco Studio

Wm. Mortensen

Mary Philbin's countenance lends itself equally well to the modernity of a mannequin in "Fifth Avenue Models" and to the mediæval mysticism of Beatrice d'Este. As the lovely Italian Patrician, Miss Philbin is here posed for a book of historical portraits in which noted film stars provide the subjects

lips and not because the title has anything to do with the story. The same gleeful predilection for spoofing the films which has been discernible on the screen of late hops in and out of this picture, which is further noteworthy for bringing the skipping spirit of Raymond Griffith to the fore. This spry young comedian, with a sparrowlike deftness akin to Chaplin's, has at last received the recognition of stardom, and presently will rank high among the pert cutups of the screen. Presently highbrow publications will be solemnly dissecting his impish antics with relation to Weltgeist.

The picture itself might have been made by Mack Sennett, even to a layer of bathing beauties. Jolly but sometimes wheezy, it frolics through a furious chase of the laugh, with crackling scenes of a taxicab scooting downhill backwards, and of Griffith valiantly charging toward beauty in distress aboard a bucking bull. But such slapstick methods are not his forte, for he is more the light comedian, a Chaplin in neat creases, gaining his effects with spats rather than with a mallet. Louise Fazenda bounces through a burlesque romance entertainingly, and Wallace Beery is the last shriek as a madly bicycling bandit.

Fully a decade after its spectacular vogue on the stage, *The Wanderer* turns its roving footsteps toward the screen, with William Collier, Jr., in the title-rôle of this epic of old Israel

THE WIZARD OF OZ

AN example of what the same custard-pie cult can do to a choice fantasy is furnished by *The Wizard of Oz,* in which Larry Semon of the plaster face and alabaster ears pops out with his cuckoo art. Little of this delightful whimsy is left except in the person of Charlie Murray as the fake wizard who is not a whiz. None of the errant, irresponsible prankfulness of Fred Stone in his famous rôle of the scarecrow remains, except the smirk. Instead Semon seems to consider this another occasion for his favorite diversions of climbing ladders, diving off towers and being blown up by bombs. Also there is much vulgar ostentation of lions and of the tricks the movies can do with them. Children and morons from six to sixty will enjoy it.

MY SON

BY the exercise of violent self-control Nazimova manages to act in *My Son.* Once called an unleashed tigress, the Russian star seems to have decided she is far more attractive as a tamed feline than as a slinking prowler, looking for more footage to devour. Her singular restraint provides the novel sensation of a new actress emerging from an exotic chrysalis, and Nazimova acting in a strait-jacket approaches the ideal. As the tender little Portuguese mother of the Cape Cod colony who knocks out her boy devotedly with a shovel rather than see him run off with a graceless city flapper, she gives her best performance in years, never once fluttering her eyes in that strange, far-away, slightly goofy expression on which she once doted. Strangely enough, Nazimova the mother is far prettier than Nazimova the soubrette of two seasons ago. Our suggestion is, "Keep her bottled up." Ian Keith, Hobart Bosworth and Jack Pickford enhance a picturesque photoplay directed with understanding by Edwin Carewe, while Constance Bennett renews her piquancy as one of the petulant pusses of the screen.

His Supreme Moment dwells upon trial companionship, which is the motion-picture euphemism for trial marriage so long as the censors are hanging around. Blanche Sweet, resurgent on the screen after an absence, plays the restless dancer of the great city, and Ronald Colman is the Quixotic young engineer who carries her off to South America, there to test out, in a probationary period, whether their love can stand the strain of facing each other over the breakfast every morning, or whether Fannie Hurst has the right idea. In this parenthentical adventure occurs a new and pleasantly agitating variation of the Girl rescuing the Man in a burning house, just before the roof drops in on them. Though the old craving for glamor carries the dancer back to the city, love conquers (for further details see any rhapsodical caption at the end of any film). Or, as you might say, the Fannie Hurst arrangement gets its death-blow.

Not a bad exposition, this, of how a man and woman are supposed to heave and pulsate whenever the love-urge lays hold of them. But the iridescent and enchanting scenes in natural color make the rest of the picture seem drably pallid. Colman himself, in spite of being a refined sheik, appears anæmic by contrast. But, my word, how the women annoy him with their persistent love-making, simply crowding their affections upon him! Aided by the tinting process, Miss Sweet has advanced several degrees Fahrenheit in the warmth of her acting and is one of the few film actresses, to this touchy eye, whose appearance has been vastly improved by having her hair reefed.

THE SHOCK PUNCH

RICHARD DIX'S latest conveyance, *The Shock Punch,* is his best to date, making no claims toward being anything but plain and serviceable, like the sky-scraper framework about which it clusters. It is a tale of a wealthy youth whose father brings him up to be a hard customer, and of the way in which a young woman's softening influence can extend even to the riveting of sky-scraper girders. Discountenanced by this girl at first because he has been trained to be a roughneck, the young man gets a job on her father's new building until, in a desperately realistic fight with Walter Long high up on the cross-beams, he is forgiven by her with a command to "sock" his adversary. Played by Dix with a gallant humor and with all his biceps, the picture shows how producers can pluck interesting new material out of the industrial horizon. Amid its thrills, its vivid, lofty scenes and its novel turns, it gives Frances Howard a chance to show an increase in vivacity over *The Swan,* even if her main mission is to stand on the side lines, holding the hero's lunch.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES

SPEAKING of tears, *Friendly Enemies* is an almost startling example of how the unpredictable movies can change a vat of bubbling laughs, like this comedy of Sam Bernard and Louis Mann, into a reservoir of the lachrymose. It also reveals how, by taking great pains, Weber and Fields can be diverted from their appointed purpose as rib-ticklers to nose-sniffers. For much of the comedy of this German-American pair who bickered over the war has been smeared out with a sponge that dripped with sentiment. But Weber and Fields, in spite of playing through the nose, cannot always forget that their God-given mission is really to make the world smile.

Salisbury Field's buoyant comedy, *Zander the Great,* has also been steered out of its jaunty course in order to make a rum holiday, commingling bootleggers and sentiments.

© Wescosco Studio

Betty Bronson, having shown her witchery in the fantasy of *Peter Pan*, has turned to realism in her newest picture, *Are Parents People?* but she still invests it with romance

Greta Nissen, the lovely, languishing lady of the pantomimic interlude in *Beggar on Horseback*, has gone into motion pictures. Her work in her first screen effort, *In the Name of Love*, has caused her to be regarded as a new film find

Wm. Mortensen

Edward Thayer Monroe

FILM DISCOVERIES

The Screen has been enriched by the addition of these two players, who, although widely different in type, have the common gift of youth, loveliness and talent

"THE SIDE SHOW" IN GREENWICH VILLAGE AS SEEN BY WYNN

Bearing about the same relation to Broadway cabarets as the circus' freak-annex does to the "Big Show" is this Greenwich Village resort for economical revellers, who are expected to bring their own amusement and bottled enthusiasm, —the pancake-and-sausage effect on the ceiling being the only visible suggestion of food. Coffee and ginger-ale only are served. However, the "Freaks" on exhibition are frequently worth the price of admission: "Pin-heads" are plentiful—mostly "Rah-rah" boys in Kollege Kut Klothes, while fair "Snake-Charmers" put the "Lounge Lizards" through their paces on the congested floor—which doubtless accounts for the close-communion dancing. In the left-hand foreground is the "Laughing Hyena," familiar to all such gatherings, and sometimes considered almost human—when he happens to be sober

R · A · D · I · O

Improving Broadcasting Programs. The Victor Company Enters the Radio Field

By CHARLOTTE GEER

WHEN we first began to write about Radio, and, mind you, this was something less than two years ago, we encountered a wrath-provoking tolerance on the part of our friends. There was on their faces and in their voices a curious expression we had never met with before. We have searched vainly for its counterpart and found it only the other day. It was in the eyes of a young college man who was being importuned to admire his sister's year-old baby. The baby was a lovely pink-and-white scrap of lace and ribbons, but round its neck was fastened a wadded and saturated contraption known in the vernacular as a "bib," and from the corner of its rose-bud mouth trickled a little river which spread over its chubby chin and dripped onto the lingerie sponge on its chest. On the young uncle's face, as he gazed from rose-bud mouth to dripping chin, was that look of mingled admiration and disgust that greeted us when we said we had cast in our typewriter with Mike.

"Oh, yes, we have a Radio," kind friends would say. "Billy made one in school and we keep it in the nursery."

BUT during this past year everything has changed. Disguising its identity behind highboys and lowboys and console tables, Radio has emerged from the third-floor front and penetrated the drawing-room. Hiding its tubes behind mahogany panels and its loud speaker back of green or gold baize, it has suddenly become as much a part of a home as a hearthstone.

All this is very encouraging to a Radio enthusiast and is quite in line with our hopes for the magic toy, but now, dear members of the *intelligentsia,* now that you have got it, what are you going to do with it? Are you going to be satisfied with the present system of procuring and presenting Radio entertainment or are you going to bend the force of public opinion so that Radio will be lifted to a place of stability and dignity? Great are the uses of advertising, but an artist like a professional man must advertise with restraint or even by circumlocution. There is nothing subtle about Radio publicity and at present publicity is the only bait which the studios can offer.

THE Victor Company, in announcing its entrance into the Radio field, has this to say on the subject: "Yes, the Victor Company expects to broadcast. It is neither our intention nor our wish to withhold great voices nor great artists from the air. This phase of the situation is not without its difficulties. A first requisite is that the artists will be willing to co-operate and to co-operate at such compensation as may be commercially practicable. An offset to this condition is our own obligation to secure for them such reception as shall be worthy of their talents. But our plans are not worked out nor can they be until a later date."

In the meantime, however, the Victor Company has definitely joined the ranks of

DEVORA NADWORNY
As the Radio *Carmen* of the popular WEAF Brand Opera Company

Radio manufacturers and, together with the Radio Corporation of America, will put out a set which will be the happy combination of the research laboratories of both these great organizations. We do not believe we are oversanguine when we say that this alliance may be the dawn of that golden day for which our eyes are searching, the beginning of that "great renascence of art and culture" which the Radio prophet, Tommy Cowan, so solemnly predicts.

IN England, where they impose a tax on Radio owners, it has led to a widespread evasion of the law. We who live under prohibition can perhaps understand it. Such a condition might within the bounds of possibility arise in our law-abiding land should the Government decide to exact a toll for our home-made and custom-made receivers. But we are inclined to believe, altruistic as it may sound, that the B. C. L. would be thankful to contribute voluntarily to a Radio endowment that would ensure worthy programs. We have all been trained since childhood in that creed of commercialism, "you can't get anything for nothing." If we are told a thing is free, we are being fooled by somebody, that's all. Some one is stringing us! We have had hundreds of letters from people who realize that Radio artists, like all other performers who make their living through their talents, should be paid for their services. The knowledge that they are so paid would at once enhance the public's appreciation of Radio programs. We will look a gift program in the horn, and Radio is at present a gift. A program with every receiver, a tea-pot with each pound of tea!

THE studios recognize this criticism and are willing enough to meet it if some way could be found for financing. The Radio Corporation, which accepts for WJZ or WJY no advertising or toll features as they are called, has organized a small stock company in its New York station. Keith McLeod, Milton J. Cross and Godfrey Ludlow are musicians of concert ability and are a part of the studio staff. WEAF meets the problem, as we have said, by accepting advertising features almost exclusively and then insisting on a certain standard for all such entertainments. They also, in Graham McNamee, Leslie Joy, Kathleen Stewart and Winifred T. Barr, have a group of musicians who can be counted on to fill any awkward break in a program. WHN, the only other full-time broadcaster in the city except the negligible WNYC, has no stock company, but depends on N. T. G., their chief announcer, who can fill out in any and every emergency.

In these embryo stock organizations and not in the advertising features lie the hope and the solution of the Radio situation. No matter how colorful and alluring the advertisers may make their section of a magazine, the reading public does not buy a periodical for its advertisements. No matter how good an advertising program, we enjoy it with a mental reservation. It is at present the "easiest way," but we cannot be persuaded that it is the best way out of the tangle.

SOME people are wont to argue that when we buy a Radio set and assume the upkeep in the way of tubes and current that we have paid for the programs. We have never heard of any man who had the money to buy an automobile refraining from so doing because the ownership of a car would entail a tax. Nor do they complain because having bought a car they have to bear a small share in maintaining the roads on which to drive it.

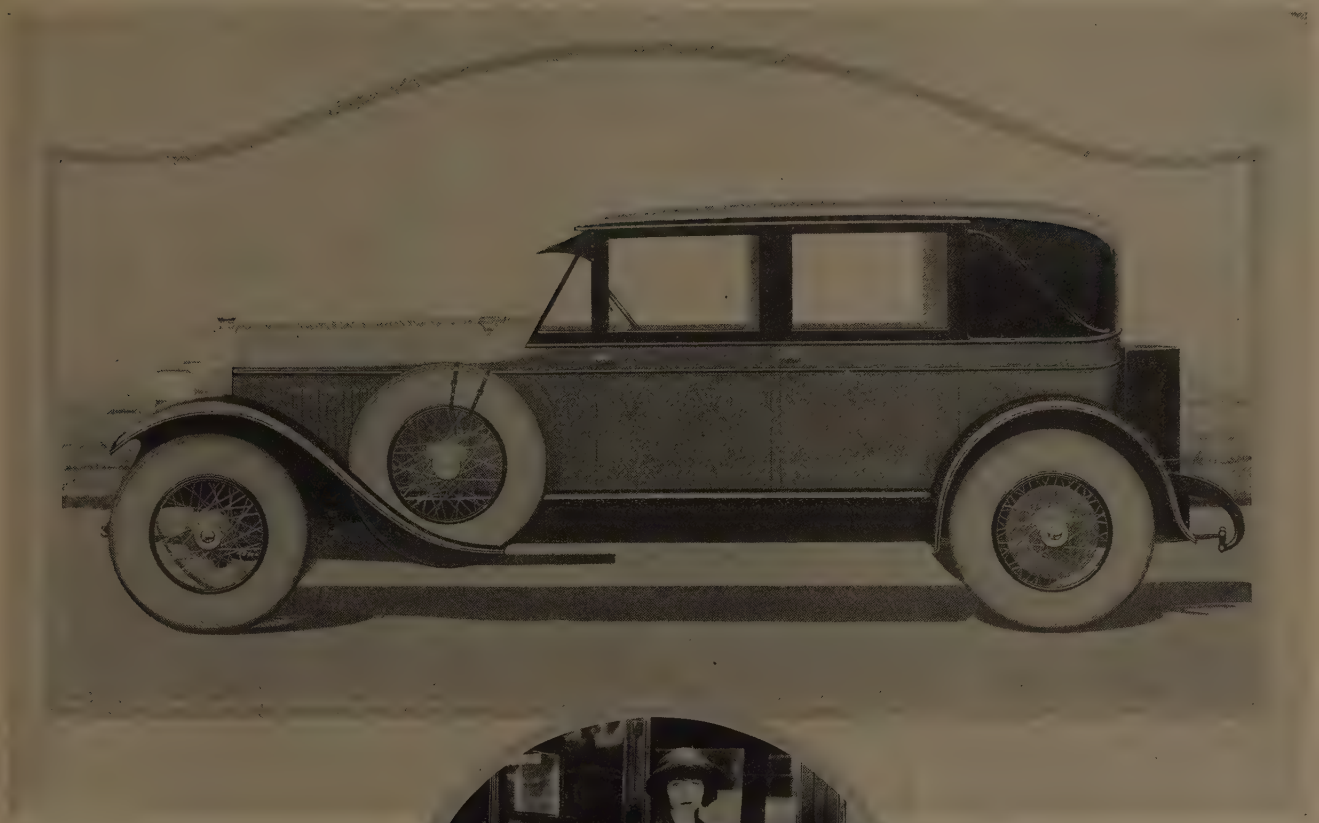
Wouldn't it be nicer to pay, say five dollars a year, than to have to live through this silly Summer season on the air? The size of the Radio audience is so tremendous that a very small yearly sum from each B. C. L. would create a huge endowment fund.

Bebe Daniels, popular film star, out for a run in her Packard, obligingly pulls up to the curb to give a friend a lift

Marguerite Namara, opera star, tours the country in a specially constructed, fully equipped "house-boat" on wheels

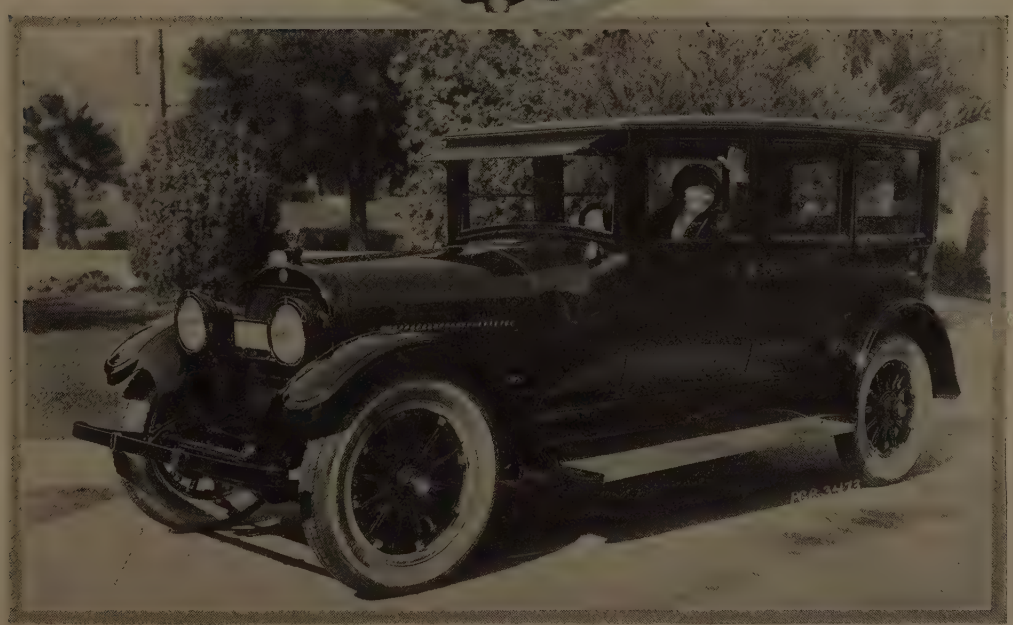
THE PLAYERS AWHEEL

Sumptuous Cars in Which Theatre Personalities Seek Recreation From Strenuous Stage Activities



Lincoln special sedan built for Mr. Reed Albee by the John B. Judkins Co. A particularly beautiful car, upholstered in broadcloth, painted marine blue, with black trimming

Here is petite Betty Compson, warm favorite of the screen, off for a leisurely shopping tour in her Locomobile



Pola Negri enjoying an afternoon spin in her Cadillac limousine, waves a greeting to a passing acquaintance

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait

ARTHUR HOPKINS will open his Fall season at the Plymouth with *First Flight,* by LAURENCE STALLINGS and MAXWELL ANDERSON. This industrious pair have been at work on an idea long lodged in the back of Mr. Stallings' brain. The hero of the piece is ANDREW JACKSON. When the critic-playwright heard last Fall that WILLIAM A. BRADY was opening a play with the same central character, *That Awful Mrs. Eaton,* he could not bring himself to go to the theatre the opening night. It was with some relief that he found Mr. Brady's Jackson an elderly man in the President's chair.

For the hero of *First Flight* is a young man who just happened to be called Andrew Jackson. He drives into a small town one evening in his gig. He is aggressive and talks tough. After three acts of temporary tyranny he drives away again. That's the play. Mr. Hopkins is said to have selected a virtually unknown actor for the lead. HELEN CHANDLER, year's find for the Actors' Theatre, will be prominently occupied in the cast.

DAVID BELASCO has done only four shows this year and yet reported it from his office as a busy season. Next year he will, apparently, be even more deeply occupied. He has announced five productions, to wit: E. H. SOTHERN in *The Advocate,* by EUGENE BRIEUX; *A Builder of Dreams,* by NELLIE ROSSLIA TAYLOR; *Dancers in the Dark,* a younger generation piece by DOROTHY SPEARE, and KATHARINE CORNELL in *The Doll Master,* by the producer himself. There is also a persistent rumor that he will do SACHA GUITRY'S *She Finds Her Place* with GENEVIEVE TOBIN, a new play by MILTON H. GROPPER, who contributed *Ladies of the Evening,* and MOLNAR'S *The Red Mill.* As *The Green Hat* snowballs into a larger and larger success in Chicago despite hot weather, it seems unlikely that KATHARINE CORNELL will be shifted to the Belasco string.

LENORE ULRIC, too, is gone and with her the immediate possibility of seeing *My Lulu Belle,* by EDWARD SHELDON and CHARLES MacARTHUR, which Mr. Belasco has held for some time. It is said to be a play that Miss Ulric wants very much to do; in fact, preferred to *The Harem.* It seems unlikely, however, that the producer will give the piece up. Miss Ulric's new manager, CHARLES A. WAGNER, says the star will probably play *The Constant Nymph.*

LAURETTE TAYLOR has been making arrangements for her appearance under the management of A. H. WOODS in a new play by her husband, HARTLEY MANNERS. It is understood that A. H. Woods also wants her for *The Pelican,* a London success, and that she has regarded the piece favorably for appearance at some later date.

Although the report recently went out that JOHN V. A. WEAVER, husband of PEGGY WOOD, had sailed for Italy to look over a new Pirandello play in Naples as a possible medium for the distribution of Miss Wood's talents for next year, the reports of *Candida* point toward another destiny for her. So enormously successful has the Shaw play been in a brief road run following the Broadway engagement that the Actors' Theatre contemplates sending it out next Fall for extended stops in Chicago, Boston and those other places. Baltimore paid over $15,000 to see it through a sultry week in May, receipts far above the New York average.

Almost every month produces a new celebrity and the latest is PATTERSON McNUTT. He has for some time been under the handicap of pegging along behind a brilliant older brother, WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT. He was an actor for a time with OTIS SKINNER; worked on the old *Sun* and the *World;* wrote magazine pieces and finally *Pigs.* Putting all his chips on the not too impressive gamble of royalties from this comedy, he won. *Pigs* fattened. Mr. McNutt cut loose from the *World;* somewhere he found $50,000. With this he set himself up as a producer. He read over a hundred scripts and picked a play that many managers had scorned. *The Poor Nut* set itself up as an immediate success. Bad breaks called two principal actors from the cast in the early weeks. Mr. McNutt understudied both of them. Now he is welcome to almost anything he wants.

The year's record for persistence goes to the SHUBERTS for their faithful nourishing of *June Days.* This is a musical show, opening recently in the West, which arose originally from ALICE DUER MILLER'S comedy, *The Charm School.* Way back last Fall a musical version, under the title of *School Belles,* started a trial tour with JUNE WALKER and LYNN OVERMAN. It came back somewhat hastily for repairs. It was rewritten by HARRY WAGSTAFF GRIBBLE and got under way once more, this time with FLORENCE ELDRIDGE and ELEANOR GRIFFITH in the leads. The new title was *The School Maid.* Brooklyn and New Haven were only moderately amused. Again the repair shop and again another start. Now called *June Days,* the venture enlists the services of ELIZABETH HINES and ROY ROYSTON. And this reminds us that Miss Hines was apprenticed not long ago to the house of ZIEGFELD. People thought that she would appear in his summer piece, *In Old Kentucky,* a musical comedy with a horse race.

MARGARET LAWRENCE, after a year of triple bad luck and three non-successes, will set out next year with *The Shortest Way Home,* by WILLIAM J. HURLBUT. SAM H. HARRIS is the producer. WALLACE EDDINGER, Miss Lawrence's husband, will not co-star with her. It is said that OWEN DAVIS has written him a play for Fall production.

WILLIAM GILLETTE will be back again next season with *Pomeroy's Past,* a CLARE KUMMER comedy that ARTHUR HOPKINS had for a time in his possession. It is not known at the moment who will be the producer, although the name of FROHMAN has been mentioned.

After a successful tryout in Stamford and Atlantic City, RUTH GORDON'S new play, *The Fall of Eve,* has been carefully laid away till next Fall. REGINALD MASON and CLAUDE KING are the friend and the husband. JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS are the authors of the comedy.

Although the genius for gigantics displayed by MAX REINHARDT in *The Miracle* impressed our community as it has seldom been impressed by any theatrical production, it is with intense interest that we see him return next season to concentrate his talent. The Actors' Theatre has received assurances that he will direct for them one or two productions. As one who saw GOLDONI'S *The Servant of Two Masters* in Herr Reinhardt's own Vienna Theatre in der Josefstadt, we must contribute a vote for fantasy. The production had at once the grace and accuracy of an arrow. The American theatre could do with a glimpse of fine fragility.

GLENN HUNTER goes abroad in July for two months' rest before the Fall season in a comedy for GEORGE TYLER. He will spend some time with MAURICE ROSTAND, son of the famous EDMOND ROSTAND, who wrote *Cyrano de Bergerac, L'Aiglon* and the rest. M. Rostand has a new drama in which Mr. Hunter became much interested in a recent flying trip to Paris. He intends to make the initial production of the piece here and has made preliminary arrangements for the reception of the Frenchman to supervise rehearsals. The title of the play is *Les Archanges.*

JANE COWL will experiment presently in Los Angeles with *One Trip of the Silver Star,* a play of Mississippi steamboat days by LAURENCE EYRE. He will be recalled as the author of MRS. FISKE'S *Miss Nelly of N'Orleans.* If the tryout pleases the Coast, Miss Cowl will do it here next season under the triple management of LOUIS O. MACLOON, ADOLPH KLAUBER and ARCH SELWYN. The play will be one of her repertory—which will include *Twelfth Night.*

Pretty Girls and Smart Dancing Amuse the American Tourist in the British Metropolis

Carl Hyson, producer of the *Midnight Follies*, and his vivacious partner, Peggy Harris, long a favorite in the West End, in one of their picturesque dance extravaganzas

The dash and lavishness of American musical revues has reached England, as is evidenced by this lovely "Willow Pattern Plate" scene in the *Midnight Follies*, the snappy show at the Hotel Metropole, in which Elsa Macfarlane and George Stockwin are delighting Londoners

Stage Photo Co.

THE WITCHING HOUR IN LONDON

Up-to-date Londoners, like New Yorkers, must have their after-theatre supper accompanied by smart entertainment. One of the best and most popular night places in the West End is the new "Midnight Follies," a favorite haunt of the Prince of Wales, at the Hotel Metropole. A cast of 42 artists and a most lavish production make it one of the snappiest shows in London

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

"PRUNELLA," STAGED IN THE LOVELY SETTING OF THE FOREST THEATRE, AT CHAPEL HILL, N. C., BY THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

Setting designed by Robert R. Sharpe for *Heritage*, an original play by Mrs. Ludwig Lewisohn, presented for the first time by Gilmor Brown and his Pasadena Community Players, in March

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

THE DALLAS LITTLE THEATRE BLAZES A NEW TRAIL

THE Little Theatre of Dallas, the largest of seventeen miniature theatre groups in Texas, made the final step to the pinnacle of its production program during the week of April 22. This little organization, with its big plans and high ideals, offered Sutton Van's *Outward Bound* with a guest cast, eight amateurs from little theatre groups throughout the country accepting invitations from the Dallas players to take parts in the production, while Dallas, which won the Belasco cup for the best original amateur play in 1923, was represented by one performer.

The plan to produce a play with guest players has never before been attempted by any other little theatre organization in this country, and its initial trial marked the beginning of a nation-wide program to bring amateur theatrical groups into more harmonious accord. Oliver Hinsdell, director of the Dallas group, declared: "It is hoped that by this 'guest plan' of production we may set a standard for amateur acting."

Hundreds of similar theatres with memberships composed of play lovers and novitiates in the art of histrionic interpretation watched the Dallas experiment with interest, and it is probable that this first venture will be followed by additional plays in which out-of-town players will be invited to participate.

The *Outward Bound* cast included Lars Potter, of the Buffalo, N. Y., Little Theatre; Eloise Sterling, of the Pasadena Community Theatre; Jessie Tharp, of Le Petite Theatre of New Orleans; J. Williams Macy, North Shore Theatre Guild, Chicago; George Hexter, Couch House Players of Chicago; Joe Peel, of Dallas; Leon Joubert, of Birmingham, Ala.; Charles Edwards, Kansas City Little Theatre, and Frances Gray, of the far-famed Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, N. C.

All expenses of the visiting actors were borne by the Dallas group, the visitors arriving a week before the opening night of the run. One of the immediate results of this friendly gesture on the part of the Dallas players was an invitation from the Buffalo players to the Dallas group to come to Buffalo and give *The No-Count Boy*.

Judge Lynch, the Dallas play which won the Belasco Cup in 1923, played for eight weeks in vaudeville in the South and West.

THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB

THAT time-honored dramatic group of Harvard University—the Hasty Pudding Club—presented as its annual Spring offering this year a musical comedy, *Laugh It Off*, their itinerary including New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston and Cambridge, as well as special Princeton and Yale performances—the latter for the first time in the long history of this college group.

The Hasty Pudding Club, which was founded in 1795, has been giving annual productions ever since 1844—the oldest amateur dramatic organization in existence in the United States. Many men of national prominence have taken part in old "Pudding" shows, among others George Santayana, William Roscoe Thayer, Thomas Mott Osborne, T. W. Lamont, Robert Benchley, Robert W. Sherwood and the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ARTISTS' COLONY

ESTES PARK, Colorado, will again be the home of this group, which was founded and is directed by Mrs. Harry Fugate, head of the Waxahachie Fine Arts School, Texas.

More than two hundred people from Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico were enrolled in the colony last year and applications are now being received for the forthcoming season, which runs from June 24 to July 30.

The faculty includes Oliver Hinsdell, B. A., Northwestern University, and at present director of the Little Theatre of Dallas, who will have charge of dramatic classes, assisted by Bernard Szold, director of the Little Theatre of Birmingham, Ala. Eugene Pillot, successful playwright, will teach the writing of plays, and Alva White, graduate of Denishawn School of California, will have charge of classes in æsthetic dancing.

Information concerning the company may be had from Mrs. Harry Fugate, Waxahachie, Texas.

PRIZES FOR COUNTRY PLAYS

THE State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., announces that four state-wide rural organizations have joined in offering $200 in prizes for country-life plays written by amateurs. The first prize will be $100; second price, $50; third prize, $30, and fourth prize, $20.

The plays submitted are to deal sympathetically with some phase of country life. They may be tragedy, drama, comedy or farce, long or short. One-act plays should run thirty to forty-five minutes; full-length plays, in three to five acts, should play not more than two hours.

Professor A. M. Drummond, of Cornell University, recent director of the New York State Fair Country Theatre, will be chairman of a committee which will judge the plays and award prizes. The competition closes November 1, 1925, and for further information write to the Department of Rural Social Organization, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

The stage of Glendale High School, Glendale, Cal.

The Scholastic Theatre of the West

By HAROLD L. BREWSTER

Director of Dramatics, Glendale High School

OUT here on the Pacific Coast we are not concerned with the subject of economy in the production of school plays. The fact is there is a general tendency toward rivalry as to which school can spend the most money upon a production and still break even at the box-office. I remember Gilmor Brown once remarking that the first production of the Pasadena Community Players was staged at a total cost of about three dollars and seventy-five cents, yet to-day the same institution probably counts its production costs low when they reach an average of a hundred times that amount. The students of the Western high schools demand something for their money and usually make little or no fuss about the amount of the money. Perhaps this is just the Spirit of the West, but it helps to account for the fact that our schools are not only elaborately arranged for every comfort of instructor and student alike, but they are also provided with auditoriums and stages suitable for the production of anything from *Rip Van Winkle* to *Liliom*. There may be another reason for the fully equipped theatres of our schools—the remote location from that fearful Puritan influence which, though it may have been transported to the Middle West, thank Heaven, never got a hold in California.

PLAY PRODUCTION ON A BUSINESS BASIS

SPECIALIZED departments, with experts in charge, as well as highly commercialized student-body associations, have not only helped to make the life of the high-school dramatic director one of inspiration and accomplishment, but in many cases have given him an excellent equipment to work with, and he has not had to put up with all the friendly advice of that innumerable host of instructors who have "been in things" and have "got up things" all their lives. And why shouldn't it be that way? The dramatic teacher does not attempt to tell the science teacher how to find out the refraction law and neither does he attempt to direct that great money-making unit—the football team!

In the particular school where I am confined certain hours of the day and many hours of the night we have the usual number of entertainments each year, and looking at those as a source of revenue as well as education, the authorities have provided an adequate theatrical work-shop. In some ways we are a little behind the institutions of our near neighbor, Los Angeles, but in the rising community of Glendale we have a stage which is at least unique.

If I were making this a standard for those contemplating new buildings, I would say have the stage deeper. Ours is only thirty-two feet from foots to back wall. "The best-laid plans of mice and men, etc., etc." They took a back corridor out of our stage space, but we find that the sixty-foot width gives us room for "stacks" and "props," both right and left of the set. The proscenium is thirty-five feet wide by thirty feet high and opens to an auditorium of nearly twenty-two hundred seats. The fly loft is provided with a gridiron fifty feet above the stage, on which all hangings, borders and cables are slung with counterbalanced lines tied off at the fly-gallery, which is suspended on the right side twenty feet above the floor, leaving adequate room to stack the highest scenery underneath it.

ELECTRIC EQUIPMENT

THE footlights are in five sections, each equipped with red, white and blue circuits, and each can be folded into the floor when not in use.

The overhead borders are three in number and consist of partitioned troughs, with removable and interchangeable color slides for each of the hundred-watt lamps. The troughs are hung by a chain loop to a horizontal inch-pipe, permitting them to be tilted at any angle. The whole border is hung by steel tiller rope to a counterbalance which not only allows lowering for relamping and adjustment, but also takes up the slack of the extra light cable, which can be a great nuisance at times. The rigid horizontal pipe furnishes clamping space for as many "baby spots" as are desired for special effects. The latter can be hooked up in either of the triple-socket proscenium pockets or in floor pockets, all of which have regulation kliegl plugs, with separate connections on the enclosed-type switchboard.

The general arrangement provides individual switches for each circuit on each border and foots, as well as three master switches controlling red, white and blue in all stage lights and floor pockets. Dimmers are to be added soon. Two men can easily handle the board, and if he is endowed with the usual amount of high-school intelligence, one can run off a show without a hitch.

THE VEXING MATTER OF STAGE SETS

A FEW years ago, when in doubt, one "did it with curtains," and in considering the best type of permanent setting for a school which uses its stage for more different purposes than the average vaudeville house, we decided upon a curtain set that I believe is the most adaptable I have ever seen.

The curtain set has always seemed to me the correct thing for concerts, lectures and plays of the fantastic type. Indeed, it has been used for anything and everything by groups with no scenic facilities. But I never could see an office or a country store, for instance, in velour curtains! And once

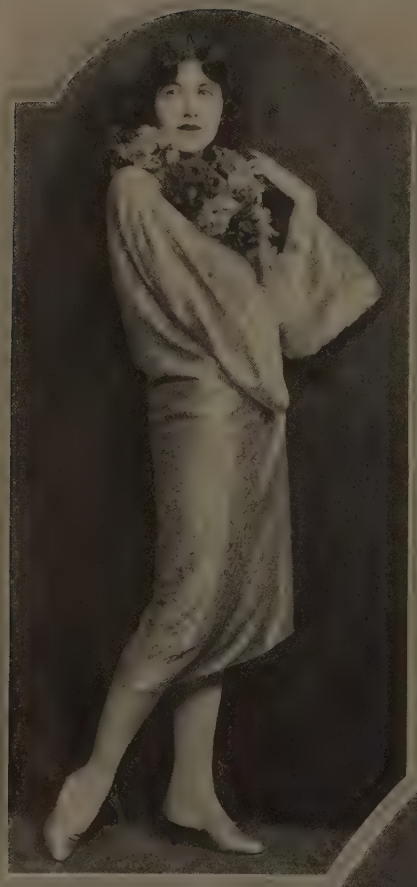
(*Continued on page* 62)

FASHIONS

AS INTRODUCED BY THE
WOMEN OF THE STAGE

An old Norwegian peasant shawl, thrown carelessly about the head of Blanche Yurka in *The Wild Duck*, was the inspiration for New York's latest millinery craze, "The Gina Turban," designed by Madame Weiss of Bruck-Weiss. An imported square scarf of vivid coloring was the foundation for this combined turban and throw-scarf, but it is the deft workmanship in the draping and the tiny jeweled dagger at the nape of the neck that give it a chic Oriental finish that is at once startling and intriguing

Miss Marie Chambers, leading lady of *Is Zat So?* wears this gray taffeta embroidered in varicolored silk coat with gray ostrich border. From Gunther's



Wraps from L. P. Hollander Co., worn by Miss Genevieve Tobin

A summer evening wrap of silver cloth, with a garland of softly blended flowers around the neck

An evening wrap of dove-gray satin, trimmed at the cuffs and around the lower edge with gray fox

A white evening wrap, embroidered in black and grays in a quaint Chinese design

Miss Helen Hayes, now appearing in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, is admiring her hand-enameled sandal of Russian design, made to match her flowered chiffon frock and hat from Bonwit Teller

Shoes from Delman

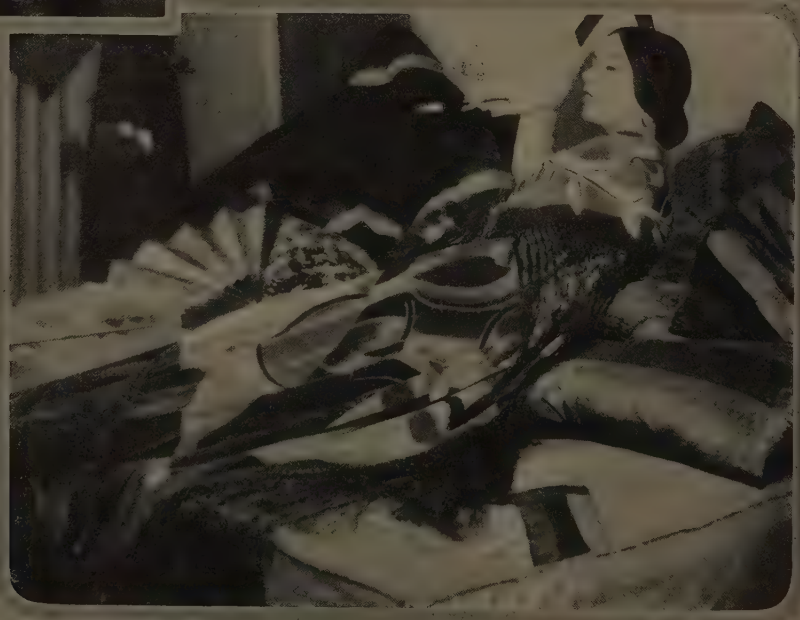
Photographs by Strauss-Peyton

Combination walking shoe of white kid and colored lizard

Black patent-leather opera pump with a very fine checkered design on toe and side. The very newest spike heel makes this a desirable afternoon pump

"Hiawatha" sport sandal in white kid with colored kid interlacings, which can be had in lovely shades of green, red, blue and yellow

A colorful hand-painted geometric dress, designed by Bobritisky of the Colour Studio



Two poses of Miss Pearl Regay wearing a hand-painted futurist shawl, especially designed by Vladimir Bobritisky of the Colour Studio for one of her numbers in *Rose-Marie*

Photographs by Margaret Watkins

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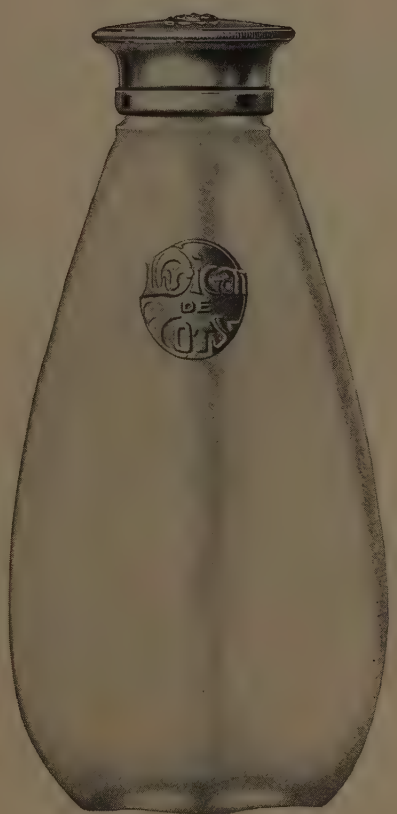

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CAN SHAKESPEARE BE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH?

(*Continued from page* 18)

again." My critic essays sarcasm. "Do you want the exquisite thoughts of Shakespeare put into the shocking vernacular of to-day? Why not engage Ring Lardner to write it?" "I won't go that far," I reply, "but I'm telling you that if you don't translate Shakespeare soon, he will be forgotten." "Not so long as the English language survives." "That's the point," I answer triumphantly. "No language really survives in a final form until it has ceased to be used as a living language—like Latin, for example, which is fixed, because it is only used nowadays in reciting prayers. But take the English language of fifteen hundred years ago. Why, even our most distinguished scholars couldn't understand a word of it if they heard it spoken. Try reading Chaucer without the explanatory notes; you'll miss the meaning of two lines out of three; and he's only five hundred years old. But you try reading Shakespeare fifteen hundred years from now! You won't be able to understand a word of him." At this point my critic will probably agree that there is something in what I say. "The time *may* come," he will say, "but who are you going to get to do the job to-day? Samuel Shipman, Guy Bolton—or some other popular dramatist?" "Perhaps, though why not our best?" I am interrupted by a loud voice telling me that Shakespeare is turning in his grave. Good. Perhaps he will have something to say on the subject.

At this point an occult phenomenon occurs; my pen is seized by the Shade of Shakespeare, who expresses his views on the subject in a few well-chosen phrases:

THE IMMORTAL PLAY-DOCTOR

"YES," says the Shade of Shakespeare, "if the Germans can find a poet like August Wilhelm Schlegel to keep me alive, England might do as much for me! I was doing it for my predecessors all the time myself. I rewrote a lot of obsolete old manuscripts in almost unbelievably bad early English, like Saxo's *Amleth,* from which I rewrote *Hamlet,* and I even wrote *The Merchant of Venice* from two plays called *The Jew* and *The Three Caskets.* I was, in certain respects, what you gentlemen of this age call a play-doctor—I rewrote old and unworkmanlike plays; I usually kept in enormous chunks of the original plot, and if the earlier author had written anything better than I could have done, why, I would have kept it in, too; but as I could write a good deal better than the others, I usually rewrote the entire play. You must remember that I was writing in the English of my period, while theirs was utterly out of date; not a penny of box-office in it. And, of course, my job as a theatrical manager and actor was to keep my theatre filled."

"I quite agree with you," I reply, "but whom would you suggest for the job of rewriting your plays?"

WHO WILL SAVE THE BARD?

THE Shade scratches its head thoughtfully with my pen. "Well, you might try Bernard Shaw—though he's egotistical enough to believe that a dramatic writer must originate both plot and dialogue; indeed, when he came to write *Saint Joan* in *my* best style, he had to add the Epilogue—the only Shavian thing in it—to make the plot differ from history. Yes, I should decidedly try Bernard Shaw—he's only seventy; he could start right in, and as he intends to live until he's a hundred and fifty, by the time he reaches a ripe old age, he can completely rewrite all my plays!" I answer that we may expect a refusal in that quarter, to which the Shade replies:

"Well, perhaps Shaw wouldn't be so suitable after all. He has attacked me a good deal. He'd be changing too many of the good lines. I want a man who will go over my plays, and wherever he finds an obsolete word or an obsolete phrase in them, to strike it out or alter it without disturbing the rhythm; any good minor poet could do it—and that's the only kind you have nowadays. If you were to produce one of my plays worked over in this manner in a theatre, none of your pedagogic critical gentlemen would ever know the difference, unless you told them, but the public of to-day would get the opportunity of seeing my plays and enjoying them in the way the public of my time enjoyed them; and after all, old man, if people want to preserve me as a National Heritage and all that sort of thing, the first thing they must do is to let me live on the stage. If this job is done well once every two hundred years, I shall really live forever, and that's what my admirers want me to do." With this the Shade of Shakespeare left me. Unquestionably Shakespeare *must* be translated into English. But who will do it?

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OLD ENGLISH

(*Continued from page 28*)

HEYTHORP: No.

ADELA: Are you going, at least, to stop drinking port?

HEYTHORP: No! *Carpe diem*—live while I can.

ADELA: You know that any day you might have apoplexy!

HEYTHORP: Sooner have done with it than turn teetotaler.

Later in the day, a valentine from Phyllis, who has purchased her new dress, somewhat restores the old man's good humor. When the agitated Joe Pillin again appears upon the scene, Heythorp is in his usual "fighting trim."

JOE PILLIN: Sylvanus, I've had a man called Ventnor to see me.

HEYTHORP: H'm! What do you make of this? (*Holds out Ventnor's letter.*)

JOE PILLIN (*reading*): "Certain facts having come to my knowledge, I deem it my duty to call a special meeting of the 'Island Navigation Company,' to consider circumstances in connection with the purchase of Mr. Joseph Pillin's fleet. And I give you notice that at this meeting your conduct will be called in question—Charles Ventnor." Ah! There it is. Why did you get me to make that settlement, Sylvanus?

HEYTHORP: Natural affection, Joe. . . . Pull yourself together, man. Can't touch you; can't upset the purchase or the settlement. Worst comes to worst, upset me, that's all.

JOE PILLIN: But, if you hold this meeting and my name gets into the papers——

HEYTHORP: Won't! Leave it to me.

A half hour later Mr. Ventnor is ushered into the presence of "Old English."

VENTNOR: Well, Mr. Heythorp, the long and the short of the matter is this: Our friend, Mr. Pillin, paid you a commission of ten per cent. on the sale of his ships. (*Old Heythorp makes a movement.*) Oh! Excuse me! The money was settled on Mrs. Larne and her children—your grandchildren, you know.

HEYTHORP: Where did you get hold of that cock-and-bull story?

VENTNOR: It won't do, Mr. Heythorp! My witnesses are Mrs. Larne, Mr. Pillin himself and Mr. Scriven. Oh! you did it very neatly; but you're dealing with a man of the world, Mr. Heythorp.

HEYTHORP (*inaudibly*): With a blackguard.

VENTNOR: Beg pardon, I didn't get you. (*His voice hardens.*) I had to drag it out of Scriven, but I find, as I surmised, that Mr. Pillin is the settler. Here's the joke, Mr. Heythorp; Mrs. Larne doesn't know Mr. Pillin and Mr. Pillin doesn't know Mrs. Larne. I have it from their own mouths. Amusing, isn't it? Six thousand pounds is the sum in settlement—ten per cent., on sixty thousand—a child could put that, two and two, together.

HEYTHORP: Bring an action against you—make you pay through the nose.

VENTNOR: Bluff—it won't do, Mr. Heythorp, and you know it. I've got you.

HEYTHORP: If you're going to call this meeting, what have you come here for—blackmail?

VENTNOR: Look here! You owe me three hundred pounds; you've owed it me for thirteen years. Either you pay me what you owe me at once or I call this meeting and make what I know public. You'll very soon find out where you are, and a good thing too, for a more unscrupulous—unscrupulous——

HEYTHORP (*very red and swollen and as if trying to rise*): So—you—you bully me!

VENTNOR (*rising*): You'll do no good for yourself by getting into a passion. You've said you won't pay me, and I've said you shall. I'm out to show you who's master.

HEYTHORP: You cowardly, pettifogging attorney, do your damnedest!

"Old English" summons a servant and has Mr. Ventnor escorted unceremoniously out the door. The altercation has sapped his strength, however, and he closes his tired eyes for a nap before dinner.

* * * * * *

TWO hours later, in evening dress, old Heythorp is sitting at table, finishing his dinner. He is just lifting a large, empty champagne glass to a napkined champagne bottle in the hand of Meller, his man.

HEYTHORP: Fill up.

MELLER (*remonstrating*): These are the special glasses, sir; only four to the bottle.

HEYTHORP: Fill up! Buzz the bottle, before the sweet. (*Meller fills glass, emptying bottle.*) Good wine! . . . Old fur coat in the wardrobe, no use for it—take it for yourself, Meller.

MELLER: Thank you, sir.

HEYTHORP (*after a pause*): Give the cook my compliments—capital dinner. (*Maid comes in with a ramequin and gives it to Meller.*) Have my port with that.

MELLER (*serving ramequin*): Excuse me, sir, but after a bottle of champagne—are you sure you ought?

HEYTHORP: No, but I'm going to.

MELLER: Would you—er—mind if I asked Miss Heythorp?

HEYTHORP (*fork arrested*): If you do, you can leave my service. . . . I'm not a baby.

MELLER: No, sir.

HEYTHORP: Well—get it then.

"Old English" drains off the port, reminiscing the while of the days when he was young and gay, while Meller listens with amused interest.

HEYTHORP: Get me the old brandy.

MELLER (*aghast*): Brandy, sir! I really daren't.

HEYTHORP: Bunkum!

MELLER: But the doctor's orders were positive.

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Sir Walter Scott

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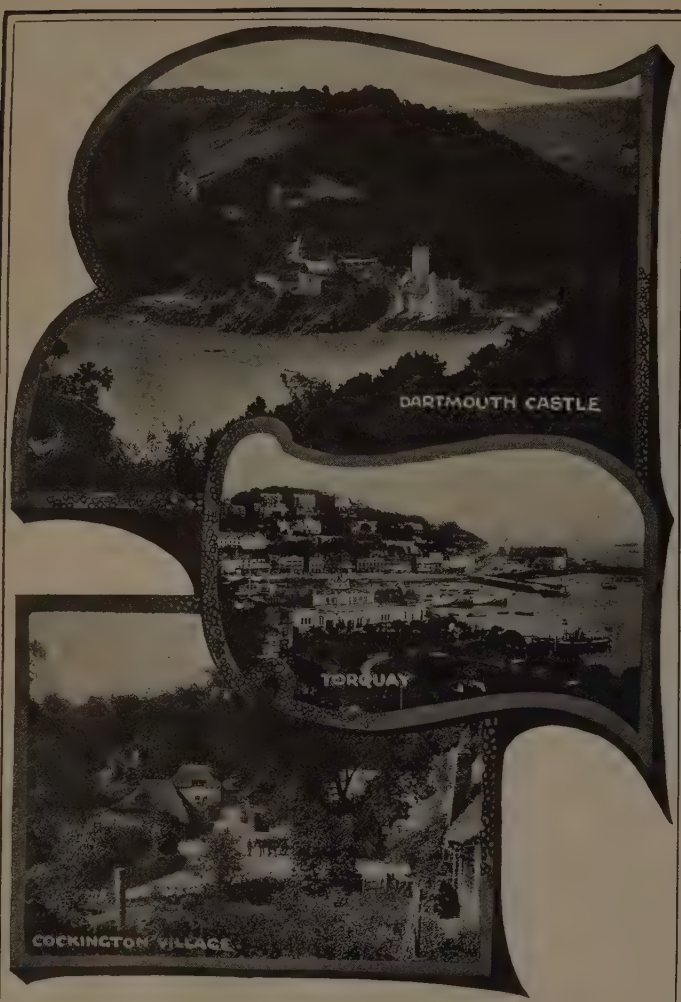

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HEYTHORP: Damn the doctor! Get the brandy—mother's milk.

Meller pours out a gobletful and puts it on the table. Then he goes to the door, watches the old man a moment blowing rings from his cigar, and throwing up his hands, goes out.

HEYTHORP (*to himself*): Send in my resignation to-morrow—not give that cur a chance.

Slowly he drinks the liquid; then, grasping the bottle to his chest, pours another stiff drink. He is able to move his arms, but his hands have lost all feeling. Shifting his body painfully toward the table, inch by inch he edges the base of the bottle along till it rests on the table.

HEYTHORP: Done it! (*His lips relax in a smile.*) What's this? Red?

His body sags back in the chair, and he sits motionless, slowly closing his eyes. There is a sound of suffering and the word "To-morrow," repeated in a whispering sigh, dies into silence.

* * * * * *

Scene the same—two hours later. Phyllis and Bob Pillin come into the doorway.

PHYLLIS: Guardy! My dress, Guardy! (*She turns to Bob*): He is fast asleep, isn't he? (*Holding up flower.*) I'll put it in his buttonhole. When he wakes, won't he jump? I do wish he'd wake. He'll be sorry he didn't see my dress. (*To Bob, who has bent over chair*): Is he awake?

BOB PILLIN (*in a queer voice*): No.

PHYLLIS: I must just try again.

BOB PILLIN (*very decisively places his hands on her shoulders and moves her away*): No. No. Not fair. Come along.

The two young people leave and Meller crosses beside his master.

MELLER: Sir! (*Touches the shoulder, then shakes it slightly*): Bedtime, sir.

He bends down, listens, then stands up abruptly and motions to Molly, the cook, who has appeared in the doorway. The girl comes quickly.

MELLER (*sharply*): He's not breathing. Feel his forehead!

MOLLY: Oh! It's cold as ice. Oh! no! 'Shure, an' he's niver——

MELLER (*with hand on the old man's pulse, in awed voice*): Gone!

MOLLY: Mother o' Jesus! The grand old fighting gintleman! The great old sinner he was!

HOUP LA!—NOWADAYS

(*Continued from page* 10)

A lot of tubby horses were brought in. Dad explained that they were Circus Horses. They seemed to differ from any other horses I had ever seen by having backs as flat as mattresses and big enough to go to sleep on comfortably. Large numbers of men, women and children kept throwing themselves on and off the backs of these horses. Dad and sister chortled with delight. I pointed out how difficult it would be to fall off, unless you really tried hard to or were pushed. Dad told me that if I wasn't enjoying the Circus, I'd better go home. I told him I didn't want to come in the first place.

Further unpleasantness was avoided owing to Father's attention being diverted by a number of clowns, who did a lot of silly things to one another, including some rather brutal work with an instrument called a slap-stick. As one clown bent down, another clown hit him with this instrument in the pelvic region, and a loud detonation took place. The injured clown looked aggrieved, as no doubt he had every right to be, but the people all around us laughed heartily. These people, I thought to myself, are the sort that believe in War and Capital Punishment; no doubt they, too, quote the King Solomon formula for child-raising; and of course, Father just *would* be too marvelously amused at something he so often threatened to do to me, but for Mother insisting that a spanking was not modern and hurt the child not only in the place where it was spanked, but also in its character all its lifetime.

"What are you so gloomy about?" he asked me.

"It's all too ridiculous," I answered, with just the proper amount of *blasé*.

"You need a good spanking, my girl," was his answer.

I did not deign to reply. Bernard Shaw was right; war always breeds war, and slap-sticking would, in turn, breed stick-slapping. From that time on, I was thoroughly on edge; a succession of juggling seals, tight-rope dancers, trapeze artists, cowboys and performing dogs went through their gyrations; or was it the cowboys that juggled, the seals that walked the tight rope and the trapeze artists that rode horseback.

Well, all things come to an end. I arrived home very tired and cross, as sister kept asking a million silly questions, such as "Where did the clowns sleep?" and "Why do the elephants stand on their hind legs?" Mother was there to welcome us.

"How did my kiddies enjoy the Circus?" she queried.

"Ask Dad, he knows," I answered.

"Are you trying to be funny, young lady?" he asked.

"No matter how I tried, I couldn't be as funny as you've been," I dared to reply.

"That's the last straw!" said Dad. "I've put up with your superiority all day, and now I'm going to show you what's what!"

"Harry," said Mother, "you're not going to beat her!"

But it was too late; Father took me into the dining-room and spoiled my character for the rest of my life

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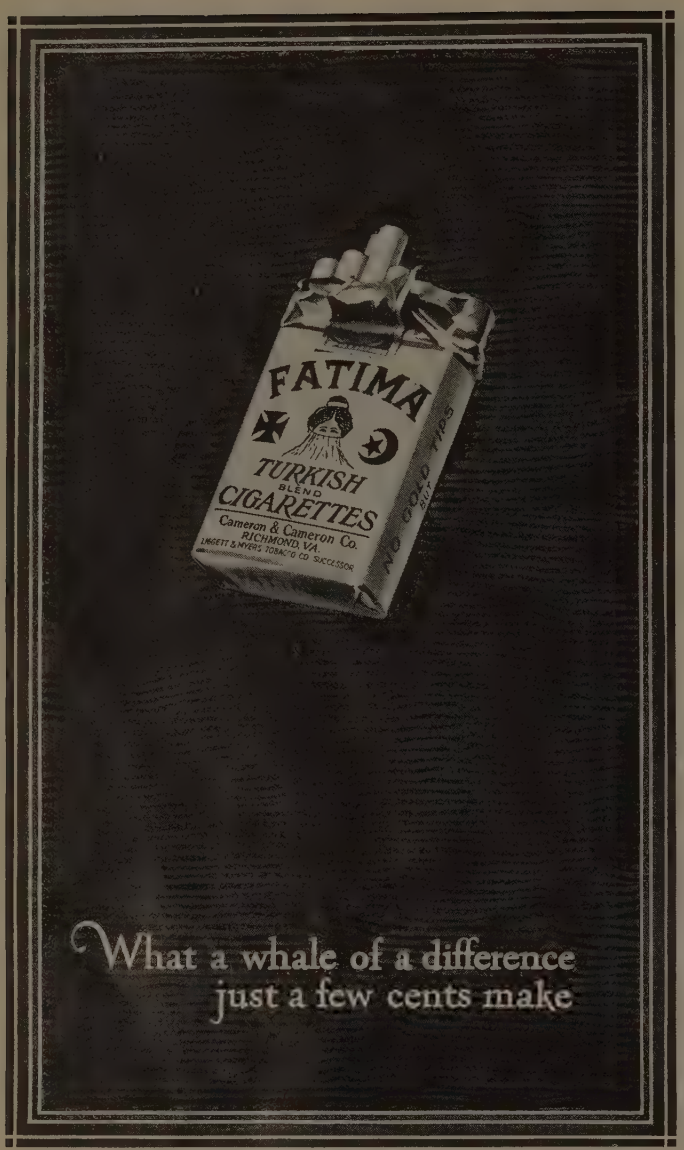

A PURITAN STARTLES BROADWAY

(*Continued from page* 20)

"Then you think that the Broadway sneer at stock and the Sticks has no substantial basis? What of the careless habits of speech due to necessary haste?"

"There is danger of acquiring them. But some do not. I believe it is because of something within the actor himself that will not permit him to give a slovenly performance. Hurried, yes. But careless, no. The danger of 'The Sticks' is less in the actor than in the director. The actor can learn his art despite bad direction. And most of the directors are poor. There is where the ignorance and slovenliness generally lie."

"From whom have you learned most about acting?"

"From Mr. Arliss. The humble player in his company watches him and learns what is hard to put into a word, but I should call it precision. He is a master of exactness in effects."

Just here we suffered our second interruption. A pallid, smileless young man with prominent brown eyes had run in and out. We continued our dialogue. He returned now and braced himself against the washstand, wearing his hat and an air of determination.

"My husband, Mr. Meehan," said Miss Morris.

I looked calmly at the young man braced against the washstand. The young man regarded me hostilely beneath his hat.

"I am sorry," I said, "but in justice to Miss Morris I should like a little more time."

"I did not know. It was my fault," said Miss Morris. She looked at the frowning young man, summoned her needed repose. "If you will go to the club, I will telephone you when I am through." The young man departed. Miss Morris explained that he was an actor in the Greenwich Village group. There had been a romance of the struggles and hardships and triumphs of the evolution of the Washington Square Players.

She had quit Radcliffe College and Boston and had come to New York to seek stage work. "I began as a prompter at the Bandbox. When we moved to the Comedy Theatre I was allowed to play parts. I worked for nothing all year till we had a successful play. It was *The Clod,* by Lewis Beach, who wrote *The Goose Hangs High.* Then each of us received twenty dollars a week."

"Without a salary in New York you did what all stage heroines do, wrote home for money?"

"No."

"You did other work while getting a foundation on the stage?"

"I worked in a bookshop for a while."

Mary Morris' aspirations, instead of being particular, are general. Instead of sighing to play Juliet, she hopes "some day I may play Shakespeare. I have no choice of characters." Instead of starring on Broadway, she hopes to be a generally useful member of a repertory group. She would aid in the growth of a repertory company organization.

Winners in the Play Tournament

AN interesting feature of the season was the recent National Little Theatre Tournament, in which talented amateur actors and ambitious young playwrights from all parts of the country competed. David Belasco encourages the development of the Little Theatre and the talent of its members by offering, each year, a cup to the group giving the most finished performance. The writing of plays, on the other hand, is stimulated by the offer of two hundred dollars by Samuel French, Inc., for the best one-act play.

The David Belasco cup was awarded this year to the Dallas, Texas, Little Theatre, prize-winners for the second consecutive season. Lionel Atwill, appearing in behalf of Mr. Belasco, made the presentation.

The play in which the actors from Dallas showed such remarkable ability was *The No 'Count Boy,* a story of plantation Negro life in North Caroline, written by Paul Green, a resident of that State. The Dallas group were under the direction of Oliver Hinsdell both this year and last. Members of the winning cast this season were Geraldine Knight, Jack F. Hyman, Ben Smith and Margaret Bentley.

The two-hundred-dollar Samuel French prize for the best original one-act play was won by Patricia Brown, the author of *Gloria Mundi,* presented by the Studio Theatre of Manhattan. Miss Brown graduated from Smith College two years ago and this is her first play.

The three other prize-winning plays were *The Bracelet,* given by the Kittredge Players; *The Yellow Triangle,* by the Huguenots of New Rochelle, and *Gloria Mundi,* by the Studio Theatre.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE THEATRE GUILD

(*Continued from page* 12)

their places were taken by Theresa Helburn, as executive director, and Maurice Wertheim. This board has constituted the Theatre Guild ever since. There is but one actor in it, Miss Westley. Mr. Moeller has practically given up playwriting to be the producer for the group. Lee Simonson is the scenic artist. Miss Helburn is the executive. Mr. Wertheim and Mr. Langner supply, perhaps, what so many artistic experiments have lacked, worldly financial wisdom combined with artistic insight and enthusiasm.

LUCK HELPED TOWARD SUCCESS

THE Guild had a bit of luck at the start. Mr. Otto H. Kahn had rented the old Garrick Theatre for a season of French plays, and at the conclusion still had it on his hands. It was a small, shabby house, to be sure, but the rent was low, and he was able and willing to let the Guild have it on the easiest terms—that is, they didn't have to pay the rent when they didn't have the money. And, at the start, they had no money at all worth mentioning. Then came another bit of luck—the actors' strike. Because the Guild was co-operative, Equity did not close the Garrick, and the Guild's production of *John Ferguson* was the only dramatic entertainment visible in town. As a result, it did a land-office business as long as the strike lasted, advertised the Guild widely, and put them on their financial feet. From that time on, they waxed more and more financially secure, because season after season they increased the number of their subscribers.

From the beginning, the Guild has made five or six productions a year, and endeavored to secure a list of season subscribers. If a theatre has a thousand subscribers who are pledged to pay $2 for each production in a season, the management is sure of getting back $2,000 after each play is mounted. If it has ten thousand subscribers, it gets back $20,000 at the same rate—or enough to pay the cost of making the average production, perhaps more than enough. The Guild began with many less than a thousand subscribers, but each year saw a steady gain, as each year the theatre demonstrated more clearly its artistic competence and the interesting variety and high standard of its plays. It continued, however, to make its productions at the small and dingy Garrick Theatre, where the rent was low, giving the group a sense of security. The Garrick, however, seated less than six hundred people, the stage was inadequate, and there were no accommodations for proper rehearsal rooms or a school of the theatre arts, which the Guild dreamed of establishing. As the list of subscribers increased far into the thousands, it became impossible to accommodate these subscribers, and the public as well, unless the time was spread out over weeks. Also, with so long a seating capacity, it was impossible to make the surplus of profit on a popular success which the Guild was entitled to, in order to accumulate a safe margin to finance less popular experiments. In short, the Guild needed a new and larger and better theatre, but their own theatre, not one for which they would have to pay some real-estate speculator $100,000 a year as rent.

Two years ago a scheme was suggested to finance this new house—which was no less than to ask the New York public to advance the funds. The Guild directors were at first sceptical, as I happen to know, about the response of the public. But ultimately they were made to feel that New York would be glad to have a share in such an enterprise, and so they started a campaign to sell bonds, in denominations of $100 and up. They sold $550,000 worth of bonds, to two thousand individuals, in a few weeks of campaigning! By selling bonds, not stock, they made the public co-operators, without sacrificing the control of their playhouse. This money, with other monies raised by mortgage or taken from surplus, was used to purchase land on Fifty-second Street, just west of Broadway, and to erect thereon the new Guild Theatre. The total cost was about $1,000,000. When the theatre opened the Guild had 15,000 subscribers.

And when it began six years ago, it had 500 subscribers and just $500 of working capital!

THEATRE UNIQUE IN COMFORT

THE Guild Theatre is in many ways unique in America, though architecturally it harks back, in one sense, to what was once the mode in these United States, in the days when we could afford to be comfortable. The architects, C. Howard Crane, Kenneth Franzheim and Charles Hunter Bettis, have devised a Florentine Italian structure of warm stucco, which is pleasantly devoid of either jimcrack or legitimate Renaissance ornamentation, but is neither bare nor cold. You enter from the street, step down into a spacious and comfortable lounge, then go up a flight of dignified stairs to a long foyer, and finally enter the auditorium, so far removed from the street that all traffic noises are shut completely out, and after so pleasant a walk over heavy carpets and up gracious stairs that you are in the mood of the building, you have a sense that here, at last, space hasn't been skimped, people have been civilized enough to do a thing right. The impression is heightened when you take your seat. Even I, thank God, can get my long legs stowed away without shoving my knees through the chair-back in front of me! There is but one balcony, also with a spacious foyer, and this balcony is set far enough back so that the people in the rear rows of the orchestra do not feel

(*Continued on page* 64)

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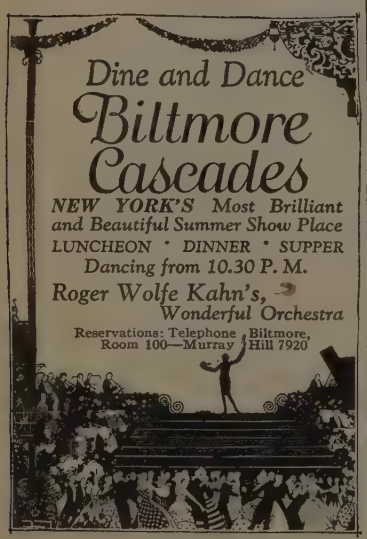

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Address: The Play Guide, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York.

PRODUCERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS OF 1924-25

(*Continued from page 9*)

sequence in the underworld. She simply returned to the path of her destiny, the path which, at this moment, seems to lead more directly and more confidently than that of any other actress to the very highest place. Pauline Lord seemed, in *They Knew What They Wanted,* to break through the paper walls which had always been frightening her away from her best work, and gave a superb performance, not so much in the "great scenes" as in the more difficult moments when she had to make expressive the emotion of a character by nature unable to express itself. The acting in *The Guardsman* and *The Firebrand* was good conventional acting; Blanche Yurka and Helen Chandler differed from the rest of the cast in *The Wild Duck,* not by being better when all were excellent, but by being good in a fresh and vivid way; and the same thing is true to an extent of Messrs. Boyd and Wolheim as the protagonists of *What Price Glory.* Neither this year, nor consistently in any other year, has the experimental theatre done very much for the art of acting.

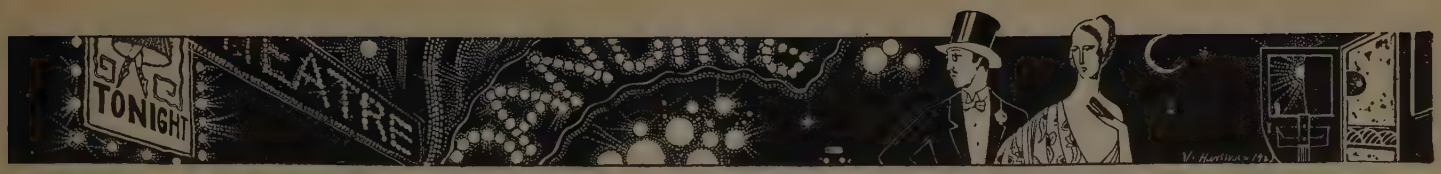
NEW STAGE VALUES

BUT when you consider that the ten plays associated with the names of experimenters are the *only* ones among the successes to which an intelligent person would give a second thought, the situation falls into a proper perspective. The theatre, which began making trials some ten or fifteen years ago, has done two things of the highest importance: it has created for itself, and for others, an audience upon which it can count; and by so doing, it has enlarged the radius along which the dramatist can work. Anderson and Stallings not only wrote a war play when by all accounts they should have written anything else ("No one will go to see a play about the war"), but they wrote it with cynicism and mockery, qualities in themselves a little dangerous on the stage; Sidney Howard developed a delicate situation into comedy by casting aside, or at least by inverting, moral ideas and theatrical conventions—the two things so often coincide. *The Guardsman* made gentle sport of fidelity and took a rather gay attitude toward the one passion which is supposed always to be sacred. Miss Hawthorne and Miss Kennedy seemed to have become as tired as I am of the idea that all old people are conservative and all young ones radical, and neatly inverted that thesis; O'Neill followed his bent—always oblique to current stage morality. None of these departures from the obvious would have been possible as commercial successes if an audience a little more intelligent than that which supports *Pigs* did not exist; intelligent, I mean, in the sense of their willingness to be a little shocked in order to be greatly entertained or, at times, to be deeply moved.

THE EXCITERS

THIS new audience is in large part the creation of the Guild, which made the season notable by opening a new theatre—a very splendid and comfortable theatre—with a not satisfactory proluction of *Cæsar and Cleopatra.* All the other producers who appeal, even slightly, to the intelligence of the audience, have to thank the Guild for giving them a chance to survive the early days during which a play transforms itself into a hit. Another contributor to the liveliness of current New York audiences is the critic. Mr. Woollcott, Mr. Broun, Mr. Nathan, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Gabriel—however one disagrees with any one judgment or taste—do make the theatre an exciting place to go to and to think about. And it is only when the theatre is exciting that lethargic people will desert the armchair and the radio.

As I am not a first-nighter, I failed to see the plays with the shortest runs: *Nerves* and *Naked* and *Don't Bother Mother* and *In the Near Future.* Of the plays which did not make the top list the most interesting was *Processional* (The Guild) and the most terrible was *The Virgin of Bethulia,* Messrs. Shubert's vehicle for Miss Julia Hoyt's still unproven talents. *Processional,* by John Howard Lawson, and *The Crime in the Whistler Room,* by Edmund Wilson (produced by the Provincetown Players), were our two experiments in fluidity of form. Mr. Wilson was satiric, sophisticated and unsure of his medium; he used a dream mechanism which was not exceptionally persuasive. Mr. Lawson was also a little unsure, but was more vehement and passionate, and was himself more convinced that the technique of his play was the only means of projecting his feelings and ideas about American life. *Processional,* I am sure, will have issue, because it has something to do with America and the American stage; in that aspect it seems to me the most important play of the year. It was far from being the best, or even the most interesting to see; but it had qualities and ideas of form from which I think American playwrights will derive a new direction.



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IF YOU ARE COMING TO NEW YORK
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THE PLAY GUIDE

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide takes pleasure in announcing a slight and temporary departure in its customary rôle. Its moving finger this month will point you to four shops of charm and distinction, which, while commercially successful, possess elements which place them apart from the usual commercial run. Read below and learn how a visit to an atmospheric shop may be as legitimately amusing and quite as much in the nature of play as what is traditionally catalogued as such!

OUR *play-guided* liked so much, they tell us, last month's innovation of leading them to certain of the smart specialty shops in town that we are going to repeat the procedure this month. We, too, enjoyed ourself immensely visiting those shops and perhaps even more so the ones we are about to describe.

In every case, with one exception, we found the prime mover in the successful charm of the shop to be a personality, whether man or woman, vigorous, intelligent, good-looking. . . Such small specialty shops are on the increase in New York and we imagine all over the country, and yet do you remember how short a time back H. G. Wells was prophesying their doom, and saying that they could not compete with the big, machine-like department stores. Let us hope that their recrudescence in popularity, with their chance for direct personal contact between buyer and seller, may be the portent of a growing demand for a dash of spirit in our materialism.

A very interesting expression of the small shop is the three-weeks-old *Norbert's* at that most "Ritzy" corner of Fifth Avenue, East Forty-sixth Street. The *Norbert* shop is English, and it entertained us to learn that though of British origin, it plants its chief base here and branches from thence to London and Paris, instead of the customary 'tother way round.

Which, we hope, makes you properly curious as to what *Norbert's* is all about. Well, it's about "luggage." But one special kind of luggage, and such a very special particular kind that it does away with the need for almost every other . . is a whole show in itself. This traveling convenience is a suitcase called "the revelation" and originated in English brains. London society has gobbled it up. The Prince of Wales personally purchased two "revelations" to bring with him on his last trip to this country.

TO come down to cases, this is such a fabulous one as you must have dreamed of—most of us have—in that it expands, without bulging, quite indefinitely. It can be adjusted at the right size to hold, and snugly, the requisite amount for a week-end trip, or for a fortnight, or for a month. Those last-moment, almost forgotten, articles never bother it, nor a book, a gift, picked up just before departing. Its slogan is "always room for one more." The technical how it does this we are not going into. Go to *Norbert's*, see the different varieties of the "revelation" in every kind and shade of leather crowding its shelves and learn all about it for yourself.

A block below this shop is another interesting one, *Cruger's, Inc.*, and, though of American parentage, also linked with the name of the famous blond Prince, who bought there personally when he was in New York. *Cruger's* is a man's specialty shop, and the ingratiating personality of young Mr. Frederick Cruger is back of it. It carries only imported merchandise, and Mr. Cruger, who we may say belongs—in case you mightn't have guessed it from the name—to one of the old families in New York society, goes to Europe himself twice a year to buy for his clientèle. You have thus the advantage in his shop of being absolutely sure of the correctness of what you purchase, whether in collars, or ties, or shirts, or socks. A gentleman, who knows what "the best people" are wearing and will accept, has selected it for you.

Practically all the celebrities in, or passing through, New York—the *fête-d* Michael Arlen came along with the rest—turn up at *Cruger's*. And any quantity of society women and women of the stage buy there for their husbands—it being now permitted the latter to own to a husband quite openly—or even for themselves. They buy the mannish silk shirts so popular, the neckties to go with them, sweaters, scarves and what not. We saw some of the charming Fair Isle sweaters there.

The whole place is done in a cheerful golden oak, with cupboards and deep drawers lining the walls, filled with the merchandise. One sits at a table and the wares are brought out and spread before one. Katherine Cornell had just been in to buy a minute before on the day we called. And while we were there a telegram came from Mary Pickford in Hollywood, asking Mr. Cruger to rush on certain things for "Doug's" birthday. . . Some rushing was set in motion.

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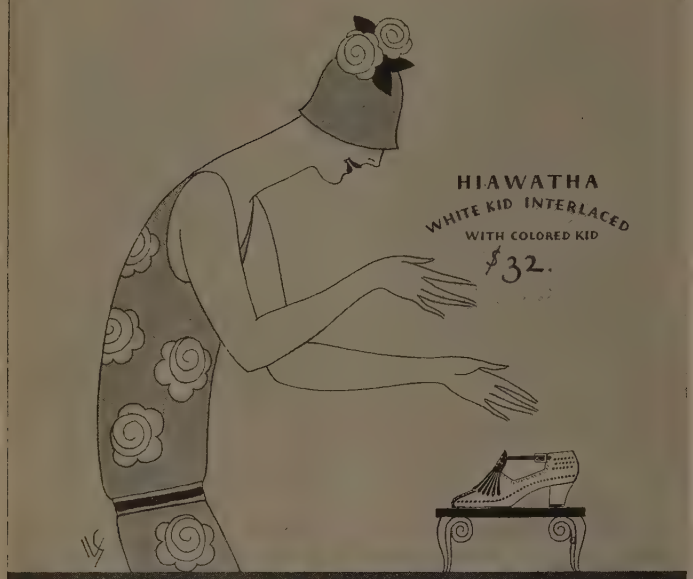

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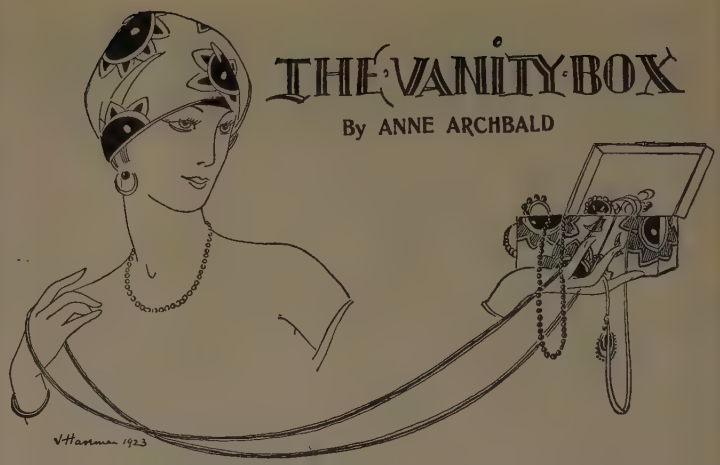


THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

SOME day we are going to write a long article on underpinnings—or lingerie, or *dessous,* or whatever you prefer to call it—that we have met. We have been collecting material for such an article during the course of a ten-years' experience in and out of back-stage dressing-rooms and of photographers' studios where lovely ladies disrobe and robe in process of posing before the camera. And the article will be most practical and informative, if we do say it ourself.

During this decade we have lived through the period of what appeared to be the imminent death of the corset, . . going, going, yet never quite gone, . . to that of its recent resuscitation, a Phœnix rising from the ashes of its past in the shape of the wonderful modern corsets of rubber.

Wandering into the Saturday matinée dressing-rooms of a certain musical comedy a few weeks ago, we came upon the rubber corset's latest manifestation. Peggy in the chorus had just bought one and "mannikined" it for the other members. By way of the wardrobe mistress this had come to the ears of the star; she had tried one out, and was in a frenzy of delight over the model. We entered on the scene when the whole feminine contingent appeared about to stampede Broadway in search of any near-by shop carrying this new and enchanting rubber garment. And we ourself shared their enthusiasm, once the small Peggy had shown it to us and demonstrated its perfections, and have now joined its band of joyful wearers.

Let us be demonstrator and verbal mannikin for you, too. We know you will thank us. It is really the most remarkable little affair from any number of angles, and goes like this.

Firstly, its name is Perfolastic, due to the rubber of which it is made, and which contains hundreds of tiny perforations all over the surface to permit perspiration to evaporate. The rubber is the purest that comes, is undyed, and therefore contains nothing to injure the skin. It is guaranteed not to rip or tear, and though so firm in its texture will stretch to whatever extent the figure momentarily requires for ease and grace of movement. The rubber will stretch, but it will return at once into place, producing a friction, a massage, which is the real factor in all reducing.

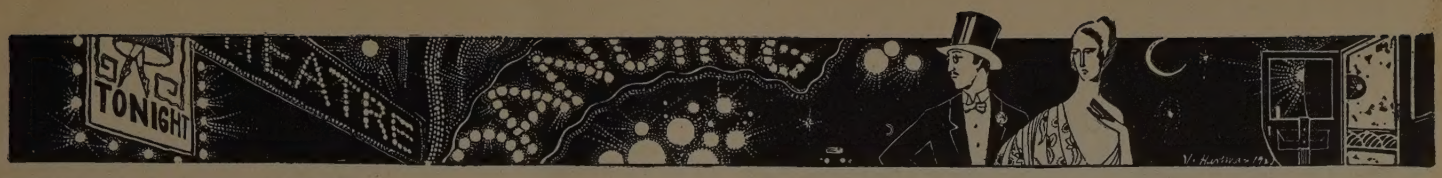
But though the Perfolastic automatically reduces, massages that is, where one needs the flesh most taken off, its purpose is not limited to that of a reducing corset alone. It is intended for the slim as well as the over-plump. It is especially for the sports girl, with its "flexible," yielding quality; for the tennis player, the dancer, the swimmer. (Comes a special bathing girdle, as we might say, if this were a Perfolastic movie.) It is a summer girl's corset, as its tiny perforations allow the pores of the body to breathe, . . one is not "cooked up" in it. The actresses in our musical comedy each said of the Perfolastic, "I don't perspire, but strangely enough I find myself losing inches."

No, it is a corset for all women, for all times, to maintain the lovely, graceful and slender lines on which fashion insists as her ideal, and which we trust no Oriental invasion will ever destroy. The edges of the corset have no binding whatsoever to cut into the flesh, and these edges melt away on the body, leaving not the slightest ridge apparent through the frock.

Have we bewildered you with sufficient details of this little wonder!

Let us just add, then, those of flexible bones at front and back, vulcanized in with the making at the factory, so they will never slip or break through; reinforced garter gussets, to which garters are secured so that they can't pull out; and a finishing of gold lacquered eyelets, hooks and garter attachments, guaranteed not to tarnish. In truth, with every fiber of its being the Perfolastic cries, "I was made to be loved!"

For price, and shops where the new Perfolastic may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*



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THE next shop on our list, *Jaeger,* needs a little prefacing. It is the new edition of the old *Jaeger,* and we suspect on reading that word you are going to shy away and say, as Moran does to his partner Mack, in the *Greenwich Village Follies,* "Ah would'n be intrusted in that!" You have perhaps too long associated the word *Jaeger* with ultra-respectable flannel nightgowns and underclothes worn by your great-aunt. (And who wants respectable underthings nowadays!) And you are not alone. Others have thought the same.

It was doubtless to escape the corroding tooth of this tradition that the new *Jaeger* shop was started on Fifth Avenue above Forty-seventh Street. Certainly nothing could be smarter than the present one. The basis on which the place was founded and attained its prestige, the unalloyed perfection of its woolens, is still the pivot on which the shop revolves. But everything has been brought up to date. New York's richest and most exclusive women in the older set have always bought at *Jaeger.* Its woolens have always been imported from the other side, and there is nothing finer to be had in America in certain of its lines. Now the daughters of these older women are buying at the new shop. Abby Rockefeller, for instance, added to her trousseau from *Jaeger.* Young Mrs. Leeds, Princess Xenia of Russia, shops there.

We saw such chic frocks and tailored coats, sweaters, sport stockings. . . Only to feel these was to realize at once the superior quality of which they were composed. We have such a fancy for wool ourself. . . It has always seemed to us an aristocratic fabric, when pure, and certainly in modern days rather more exclusive than silk. . . And we were shown some delightful combinations in the sheerest white kashmere, with hemstitched hems. These were intended only for sport, of course, wool being so much better absorber of perspiration than silk.

Did we say that half of the new *Jaeger* shop is devoted to men!

AND here's a shop for you on East Fifty-fifth Street . . *Miss Higgs,* or "The Shop of Wedding Gifts." If we are too late for your June bride, still they marry in other months of the year also, so put down the address in your note-book.

The shop is very much Miss Higgs . . we should say entirely Miss Higgs, who is English, though by no means a newcomer in America, and has a background of culture on which to draw in assembling the different articles for her shop. *Miss Higgs* imports everything, and offers no fakes. Where a piece of furniture is not a genuine antique, even though a perfect copy and made from old woods, she will tell you so, and charge accordingly. Personally if we were buying we should choose one of her copies rather than an antique, as they are made on the other side, of wood staunchily seasoned to withstand the enervating influence of American steam heat.

Practically every big wedding—the Rockefeller-Milton the most recent instance—is furnished from this shop. People find there gifts to give even that *difficile* person, the woman who has, or will receive, everything. And you may spend as little, or as much as you please, from ten dollars up. Some very silvery pewter vases of extraordinarily graceful and practical shape were that. At fifteen you could have a dozen of the quaintest and loveliest patterned plates, after a Colonial design exclusive to the shop, which has the further advantage that it can be matched with all or any of the china that goes to a set.

Miss Higgs aroused in us an acquisitive instinct that we had imagined long since dead, at least as far as house things are concerned. We should like to carry off at least two of her dressing-tables and almost all of her deep-seated chairs, . . her Japanese lady figurine of rock crystal, . . her Louis XIII pewters, . . her Staffordshire coffee cups . . and some of her old English glass candy jars, two of which an enviable lady had purchased that morning to hold her lavender-and-rose bath salts.

In Our August Issue

The Play That Won the Pulitzer Prize! A condensation of *They Knew What They Wanted.*

Wynn, the well-known cartoonist, who is now in Paris, depicts in charming fashion the hits of the Summer on the boulevards.

Another Russian sensation coming—the revolutionary Kamerny Theatre. A descriptive article with very unusual pictures.

It's Looks That Count! An article showing what an important asset beauty is to the player who would win his audience.

An intimate pen-picture by Carl Van Vechten describing how Paul Robeson, the hero of *All God's Chillun Got Wings,* developed into a significant singer, interpreting the soul of his people.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., in a caustic and brilliant article, answers Mr. Langner's suggestion that Shakespeare be translated into contemporary idiom.

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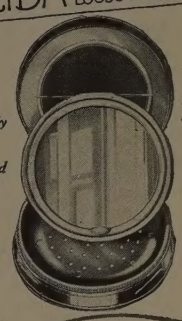

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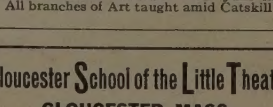

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SCHOLASTIC THEATRE OF THE WEST

(*Continued from page* 44)

they were hung they seemed immovable.

In our school we have a set that has all the advantages of the concert setting with none of the disadvantages.

It consists of a back drop of velour in two sections, parting at the center; either side can be drawn for insets of any size. The slots, curtain and all, can be raised into the fly-loft. The side walls are composed of three box-pleated strips about five and a half feet wide and eighteen feet high. The tops of these "wings" are laced to a wooden bridle or tee, extending across the width of the wing. This bridle is securely clamped (by an automatic braking device in the center of the top) to the end of a perpendicular inch-pipe, which extends from a point less than eighteen feet above the floor up to the gridiron. Its upper end is fastened to a simple trolley of heavy eyelets riding on a cable which traverses the grid parallel to the foots. This allows the shifting of the curtain wing from extreme off-stage position to the center of the stage, and the braking arrangement allows it to be raised up to any height above the floor or turned at any angle to the audience. Endless ropes pull one way or the other and the angle is obtained by merely twisting the curtain proper. Thus the stage may be made almost any shape (since the wings overlap about six inches) or any size, or they can be individually raised out of sight for insertion of painted effects, French windows or set pieces.

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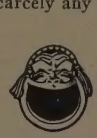
TO give even more adaptability, a large wing of eight feet spread is hung directly back of the center opening of the back drop. This wing, while like the side flies, moves on a cable hung at right angles to the others, allowing it to be moved entirely in front of the back curtain and turned at an angle or remain as merely a backing for the center opening of the drop. The whole setting is eighteen feet in height, and all borders, slots and drops are masked by extra deep border curtains. Two twenty-four-foot tormentors matching the front curtain are hung in fashion similar to the wings, but do not move as far center as the others.

The color of the set is taupe, which "takes" light very readily and is of the best "sun-fast" velour. The combinations of curtains alone number close to five hundred, but we have not tried them all yet. By the use of slight changes in lighting and insets we were able to stage a four-act historical drama, *The First Lady of the Land,* with scarcely any actual scenery.



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PLAYS

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 16)

unsophistication palls after the first act. She is the sort of girl one meets only in the theatre or the movies or unknown and far-off isles. Other characters in the play are equally unreal. There is the Marquis, for instance, who buys beautiful frocks and stunning cloaks and champagne dinners for the sweet young thing. He gives every evidence of being a villainous old rake, bent on the Innocent's ultimate destruction. But he turns out to be a sweet and kindly old daddy, who is just being kind to a lonely girl. And there is the Russian dancer, whose bitter understanding of life should have softened her to the struggles of young girls who knew the same hardships she encountered in her youth. But no, she proves only a harridan. Then there is the young artist, whose indifference is monumental. He permits a prized statue he has just completed to be smashed without blinking an eyelash. And he gives up his apartment meekly when a bold young minx demands it.

Martha-Bryan Allen's beauty makes one almost forget the insipidity of her rôle, which she plays with a youthful intensity. Harda Daube has a good bit as a hard-boiled young dancer.

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The Month's New Plays

A BIT O' LOVE

Play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Presented by the Actors' Theatre, May 12, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, with the following cast:

Michael Strangway.....O. P. Heggie
Beatrice Strangway.....Chrystal Herne
Mrs. Bradmere.....Alice Fischer
Jim Bere.....Herbert Ranson
Jack Cremer.....Ernest Rowan
Mrs. Burlacombe.....Beryl Mercer
Burlacombe.....Alf Helton
Trustaford.....St. Clair Bayfield
Jarland.....Thomas Chalmers
Clyst.....Philip Leigh
Freman.....Joseph Macaulay
Godleigh.....Edward Rigby
Sol Potter.....John Brewer
Morse.....Roy Cochrane
Ivy Burlacombe.....Eline Temple
Connie Trustaford.....Kathleen Middleton
Gladys Freman.....Helen Bergovoy
Mercy Jarland.....Neville Westman
Tibby Jarland.....Carol Chase
Bobbie Jarland.....Alfred Little

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Drama in three acts by John B. Hymer and Le Roy Clemens. Presented by Carl Reed at the Lyric Theatre, April 20, with the following cast:

Mrs. Ridgley.....Marion Barney
Reginald Ridgley.....Denis Gurney
Taula.....Penelope Hubbard
Hina.....Priscilla Knowles
Aloma.....Vivienne Osborne
Sumner Ridgley.....Arthur Barry
Andy Taylor.....Ben Johnson
"Red" Malloy.....Arthur R. Vinton
"Shorty".....Walter Glass
Nuitane.....George Gaul
Boano.....Wm. Garcan
Hongi.....Al. Roberts
Bob Holden.....Frank Thomas
Sylvia Templeton.....Anne Morrison
Van Templeton.....Richard Gordon
Luana.....Andrea McKinnon
Moana.....Lola De Rome
Unola.....Dorotha Denise
Nahoma.....Korola Alleneva

LADY OF THE ROSE

Play in three acts by Martin Flavin. Produced by Jacob A. Weiser at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, May 19, with the following cast:

John Meredith.....Henry Herbert
Lady of The Rose.....Margaret Mosier
Lorraine.....Margaret Mower
Barry Trevelyan.....Howard Lang
Peter.....William Podmore
Richard Brainard.....Kenneth Fox
Stage Hand.....Vaughn Deering
Max Lubin.....Edwin Maxwell
Doctor.....George Spelvin

MAN OR DEVIL

Play in three acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by the Shuberts at the Broadhurst Theatre, May 21, with the following cast:

Christina.....Ruth Findlay
Burgomaster Haas.....Herbert Standing
A Barber.....Milton Stiefel
Nicholas Snyders.....Lionel Barrymore
An Artist.....Milano Tilden
Vrow Molenar.....Isabelle Winlocke
A Child.....Georgina Tilden
Dame Toelast.....Marion Ballou
A Peddler.....Thurlow Bergen
Jan.....McKay Morris
Pieter Bles.....Egon Brecher

THE BIG MOGUL

Comedy in four acts by DeWitt Newing. Produced by Fiske O'Hara at Daly's Theatre, May 11, with the following cast:

Peter.....Allen York
Sadie.....Alma Blake
Van Cortland Lamb.....Cameron Mathews
Marie Lamb.....Pat Clary
Peter Quinn Quilt.....Fiske O'Hara
Miss Dalrimple.....Charlotte Kent
J. Webb Holt.....John Driscoll
Mrs. Lamb.....Ada Lytton Barbour
Dr. Ferrone.....James E. Miller
Jimmy Randolph.....Gilbert Cartland
Miss Kearney.....Catherine Downey
Miss Beatrice Gilmore.....Dorothy Seegar
Mr. Smith.....James Nelson

THE BRIDE RETIRES

Comedy in three acts by Felix Ganders. Adapted and produced by Henry Baron at the National Theatre, May 16, with the following cast:

Mme. Herbel.....Alice Fischer
Claude Herbel.....Stanley Ridges
M. Cortinat.....Grant Stewart
Raymonde.....Lila Lee
Gisala.....Ethel Intropidi
Edouard.....Taylor Graves
Victorine.....Mrs. Jacques Martin

THE GORILLA

Mystery play in three acts by Ralph Spence. Produced by Donald Gallaher at the Selwyn Theatre, April 28, with the following cast:

Jefferson Lee.....Stephen Maley
Cyrus Stevens.....Frederick Truesdell
Alice Stevens.....Betty Weston
Arthur Marsden.....Robert Strange
Mr. Mulligan.....Clifford Dempsey
Mr. Garrity.....Frank McCormack
Simmons.....Frank Beaston
The Stranger.....Harry Southard
A Sailor.....Joseph Guthrie
Poe.....Harry A. Ward
Dr. Wilner.....George Spelvin

THE POOR NUT

Comedy in three acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced by Patterson McNutt at the Henry Miller Theatre, April 27, with the following cast:

"Colonel" Small.....Joseph Dailey
Margerie Blake.....Norma Lee
John Miller.....Elliott Nugent
Julia Winters.....Florence Shirley
"Spike" Hoyt.....Grant Mills
"Hub" Smith.....Beach Cooke
"Magpie" Welch.....Percy Helton
Coach Jackson.....John Webster
"Wallie" Pierce.....Cornelius Keefe
Professor Deming.....Wright Kramer
"Doc" Spurney.....Thomas Shearer
A Freshman.....Joseph Mitchell
Wisconsin Official.....Joseph Loudon
Peggy.....Margaret Fitch
Betty.....Jean Mann

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Carolina Folk Plays

A FASCINATING CONTRIBUTION TO OUR DRAMATIC LITERATURE

Edited with an introduction on Folk Playmaking by Professor Frederick H. Koch of the University of North Carolina, who founded the Dakota Playmakers and the Carolina Playmakers.

An appendix on the dialect by Professor Tom Peete Cross, and illustrations on the actual productions. Five plays: Elizabeth A. Lays' "When Witches Ride" (3 m., 1 w.)—Harold Williamson's "Peggy," the tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter (4 m., 2 w. and a boy)—Heffner's "Dod Gast Ye Both," a moonshiner's comedy (6 m., 1 w., a thicket in the mountains)—Dougald Macmillan's "Off Nag's Head or The Bell Buoy." Of an old woman, a mad storm and land pirates (2 m., 4 w.)—Paul Green's "The Last of the Lowries" (Croatan Outlaws, 1 m., 3 w.).

These plays are the most significant examples of American Folk Drama. They were successfully given under the direction of Prof. Koch by his students in the Carolina Mountains. With the exception of the third, all could be given in a single hut interior, slightly varied. The clear illustrations should be a great help in setting and costume. Simple and easy to act as these plays are, they are frequently strongly emotional, yet absolutely "clean." Has Professor Koch done for America what the Abbey Players did for Ireland?

What the Reviewers Say

Walter Prichard Eaton in The Drama: "Frederick Koch is doing a wonderful work. . . . He is teaching young people to write their own plays, about their own people and their lives, stage them, costume them, act them."

Paul L. Benjamin in The Survey: "A rich and splendid vein of our native drama."

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE THEATRE GUILD

(*Continued from page* 57)

as if they were huddled under the falling roof of a cave. It has been a long, long time since so civilized and thoroughly decent a theatre has been erected in New York.

There are no boxes. That will strike you at once. And there is no proscenium arch. Boxes, of course, have for some time been rather an anomaly in most theatres. They belong to a past age, certainly not to the democratic scheme of the Theatre Guild. But the elimination of the proscenium arch calls for more comment. That arch has existed since the seventeenth century, working gradually forward till the stage front at last, some thirty or forty years ago only, cut straight across from base to base. That was supposed to be the final word, the true "picture-frame" stage. But in the Guild Theatre there is no architectural feature to mark the transition from house to stage. The house walls merely cease. The "picture frame" is still possible, of course, and will often, if not generally, be employed, by so designing the scenery that the two front pieces at the sides and the front crosspiece (I purposely avoid technical names) have the effect of forming an architectural frame. By this means, of course, the frame can be adapted in style, color, design to each individual production. But if no frame is wanted, if the Guild wishes to experiment with new styles of production, or such old styles as the Elizabethan, there is no permanent structural arch to interfere. The stage can be built forward into the house and Shakespeare's platform recreated, if it is so desired. Or something like the Cathedral set for Reinhardt's *Miracle* can be devised.

Going behind the scenes, the stage impresses at once by its size It looks, when bare, larger than the auditorium (which seats 914 people). It is, indeed, relatively about the largest stage in town and actually it ranks fourth. It is 49 feet deep, 77 feet wide and the grid tower over it is 90 feet high! Into this grid tower a 65-foot cyclorama for outdoor sets can be raised far out of sight and still leave room for hanging four or five other productions. With this space above and at the sides, the stage is equipped for future repertoire productions, and with its elaborate and modern light equipment and its complete system of traps by which it can be converted into any number of platforms, it is mechanically a wonderful tool for Mr. Simonson to work with.

One thing more, and I am done. The Guild, in the past six years, has made certain productions of plays that we ought to be able to see again, for one reason or another. *Liliom* is one such play certainly. *Jane Clegg* is possibly another (I am not wholly sure of this). *Mr. Pim Passes By,* with Laura Crews, is one. *He Who Gets Slapped* is on the list for many people. Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* will be on it after a few seasons. In other words, there are some plays which ought to be in repertoire, to be made visible now and then in later years. It is a great fault of our American theatre that this is at present practically impossible. The new Guild Theatre has a stage where it *is* possible. When there can also be developed at this house the nucleus of a permanent company of actors, conspicuous Guild successes of the past can be kept in the present as long as they remain of interest. I think the Guild realizes this, and is working slowly but steadily toward such an end. I hope so. It will be one more step forward, and a long one, in our theatre. But to achieve it, the Guild will, I fear, have to do one thing a little more generously than it is rumored they have done in the past—pay their actors. "Art for art's sake" is a splendid motto, but "The laborer is worthy of his hire?" is another. Nobody wants to see the Guild further the development of overpaid and undertrained "stars," but it must not use its school either to get small-part recruits for its company at meager wages, nor expect competent professionals to work in its theatre at half their normal earning power. It must play as fair with the profession as it has played with the public and so benefit the theatre in every department.

NOEL COWARD'S NEW PLAY AMUSES LONDON

(*Continued from page* 22)

places of life into things of significance. I am a hardened theatregoer and my critical intelligence is not easily doped, but I must confess that the pathos, the sincerity, the emotional urge of the play so overwhelmed the critical values, where on reflection I spot the skillful cunning of the author, Mr. Neil Grant, that in the playhouse I felt a lump in my throat and I was aware of much audible sniffing at my elbow.

The production of *The Verge* of Susan Glaspell, by Miss Sybil Thorndike, for two performances was interesting, indeed arresting. The play itself interests me, for I feel the dramatist is seeking a new expression, she is trying to escape the "same, same old stuff" which Treplieff in Tchehov's *Seagull* protests against. It has genius in flashes—in its sense of the theatre and in revealing intuitive expressions. But the whole basis is wrong. Eroticism passes through neuroticism to murder and religious mania. We leave the normal for the abnormal. If we must have a drama with its head among the stars, for heaven's sake let us see that its feet are safely planted on the earth. I must add that Miss Thorndike gave a performance of shattering power.

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